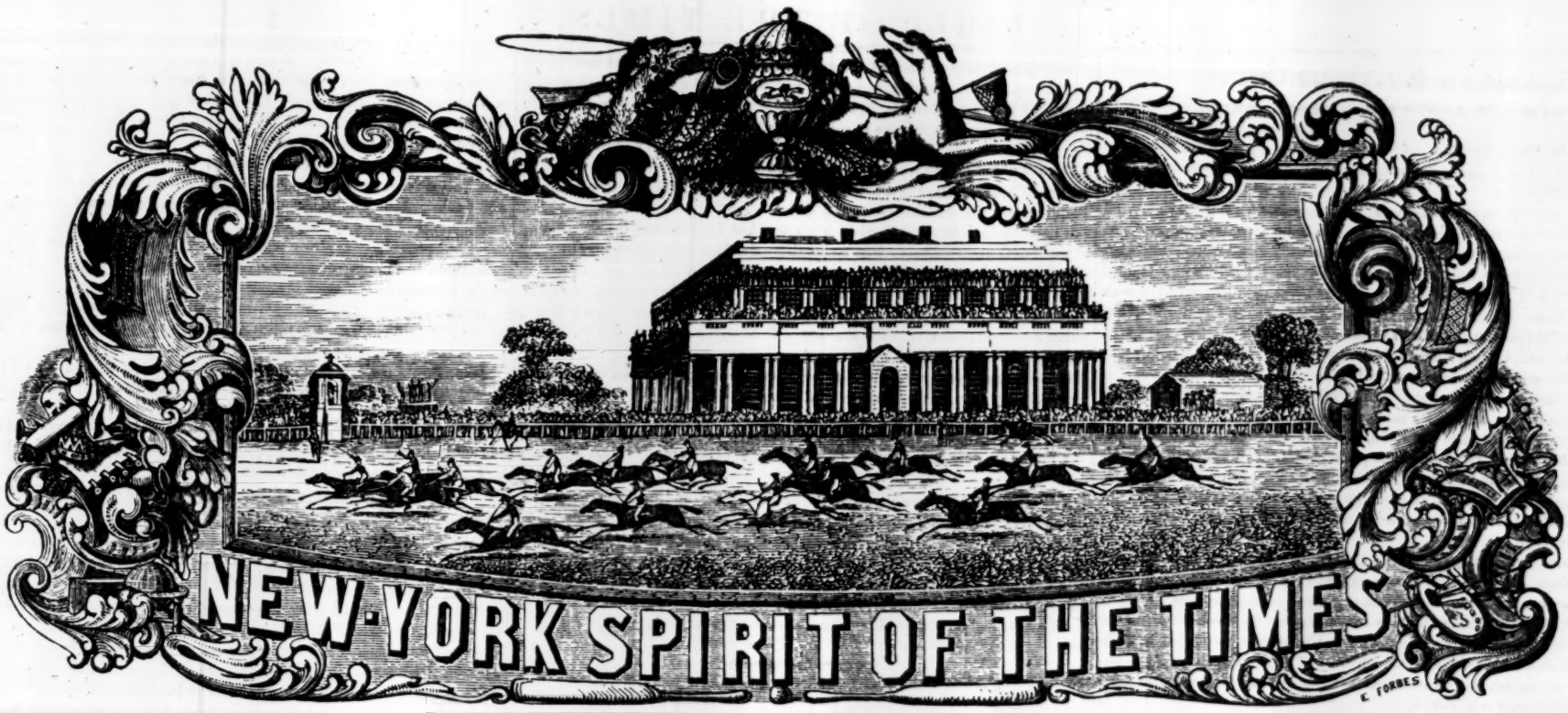

OFFICE 171 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No. 4.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

London, February 1, 1836.

My Dear Sir—Feeling very deeply interested in the drama, and having no manner of interest in the more robust sports of the turf or the ring, I have *not* complied with your wish that I should send you "sporting" intelligence. It is a difficult task; and even in this country where sporting is so generally patronized by all classes, from the peer to the peasant, there are few, very few, who are able to furnish such intelligence as you deem valuable for your "new, enlarged, and improved series."

A person named Rouch or Ruff is paid from fifty to one hundred dollars the season for a weekly letter to the country journals, of the betting at Tattersall's on the Thursday. He may have this allowance from fifty journals—affording him, from that brief note of news, an income of from $2,500 to $5000 a year.—Seldom has money been earned with less trouble: he has to attend on Mondays and Thursdays at Tattersall's horse repository, whither sportsmen most resort—pick up how the bets run—tuck them off in his printed circular, and the thing is done. He also furnishes Monday's and Thursday's betting to the London papers, at the rate of $250 for each during the season. Most of the provincial papers are published on Saturday, and for fear that if he published the Thursday's betting in the Thursday's London papers, the country newspapers would have the news "free, gratis, for nothing at all," Mister Ruff cushions it until Friday, so that it cannot reach the country through the London papers until after the issue of the country opes—*argal*, it becomes a matter of necessity to keep him 'on hand.' The London betting is important, as shewing how the horses rank in the opinion of the few *cognoscenti* who compose "the sporting world."

Helen Faucit has made another *hit*. Originally announced for that whining character—half madness, half love—*Belvidera*, it was a wise policy to bring her out as *Julia* in *the Hunchback*. How she went upon the public—"like a streak of lightning," as they classically have it in Kentucky—I have already told you. I had my doubts, I confess, whether in the loftier range of the tragic drama, she would be equal to expectation. The young lady has happily put an end to those doubts in the most practical way. She has appeared as *Belvidera*; and, to use Kean's expression, "the pit rose at her."

She made the attempt, successfully, last night to give *life* to a character which is usually a very melancholy exhibition. "Venice Preserved" was strongly cast: Charles Kemble as *Jaffier*—just such a whining, dolorous part as suits this modern antique; Osbaldiston, as *Pierre*; Helen Faucit, as *Belvidera*. Kemble stuck out, for four days, for the part of *Pierre*, but Osbaldiston, as manager, could afford to be equally obstinate, and the result shews that he had *not* overestimated his own ability. Indeed, with two exceptions, he is the best *Pierre* I have seen. It is a character, in which, if he wishes, an actor may rant and roar to his heart's content; and Osbaldiston comes from the Surrey Theatre where ranting and roaring are the order of the night. Mr. Osbaldiston can roar and rant as well (aside) as any man; and the credit to him is, that he acted in a calm, quiet way, rather too much subdued, if any thing. Now, so few underact such a part, that Osbaldiston has "won golden opinions" by his judicious performance. Let him but heighten the tone, and there will not be a better *Pierre* on the stage. To give you an idea of it—just fancy Macready in such a character, without Macready's abominable and unnatural pauses and breaks.

Charles Kemble made a good deal of *Jaffier*—the whining character is in his "mew-mew-mew" style. He was much applauded, and acted all the better for the plaudits.

But Miss H. Faucit, she threw herself, heart and soul, into the body of the part; she identified herself with the spirit of the character—*she acted as if she were not acting*. There was no *mimini primini* settlement of the future—no studied attitudes; she had faith with the poet, trust in what human nature could prompt, and a firm confidence in herself. She grew upon the public—for in the earlier part of the play *Belvidera* has little to do. But in the third act commenced her avalanche of passion—she was the fond, warm, winning woman, indignant at being made the pledge of faith to conspirators, but never losing her deep and intense love. The death scene was superb—you could have heard a pin drop in the house, which was crowded to the ceiling.

Miss F. was called for after the play, and as a tribute of respect and admiration, the whole house—boxes, pit, and galleries—simultaneously arose and cheered her. Poor thing, she was affected very much, and burst into tears the moment she went from public gaze.

"Venice Preserved" will have an immense and profitable run. *This* is acting the "natural drama"—not so the siege of Rochelle, the Pantomime, and the Jewess, at Drury Lane. Miss Faucit *is* gifted with genius: Miss Kemble was an imitator—even in her book; the idea of which is borrowed from Byron's journals and Frances Trollope's slanders. Poor Charles Kemble, the success of Miss Faucit must be wormwood to *him*.

Signor Vaccaj is now at Milan completing his new opera, Lady Jane Grey, for La Scala theatre. It will appear in the second week of February. The Signor will see it brought out, and then visit London in the month of March.

There is to be a grand Oratorio at Drury Lane to-night. It will include all the best of our instrumental and vocal performers—that is, we shall have Mori, Bocsha, Mrs. Anderson (the *pianiste*), Cooke, Madame Filipowitz, &c., Braham, H. Phillips, Madame Stockhausen, Shireff, and Mr. Balfe, composer of the *Siege of Rochelle*.

Paganini is *not* dead. It was his brother, Doctor Paganini, who "tripped the bucket." The Duchess of Parma has appointed the *Paganini*, Director of her Court Theatre.

The Queen's Theatre, over which the pretty widow Nisbett again presides, gets on by the quantity, if not the quality of its performances. I was there on Tuesday, and saw:—1. The new Comic Burletta, *The Twins*. 2. Catching an Heiress. 3. The Burletta of *Flowers of Loveliness*. 4. The Burletta, *Little Sins and pretty Singers*. 5. *Robert Macaire*. "Last night, a French company were added to the establishment, and appeared in two French pieces.

Braham's Theatre gets on well: there, they have a new Burletta called *My Wife and Child*, which has taken with the public; besides this the bill of fare has *three* other pieces, viz.: the *Waterman*, with Braham's inimitable Tom Tug. Monsieur Jaques, with Barnett as natural as ever; and, *The Man with the Carpet Bag*.

Of the minors, however, the Adelphi and Olympic are paying best. The run of pieces, at the Adelphi this week, has been *Luke Somerton*, Jerrold's *Dove in a Cage*—a spectacle called *the Elfin Queen*, and the Pantomime, *The Battle of the Fairies*. The best performers here are—Mesdames Honey and Stirling, Misses Daly, Pitt, and E. Clifford, Messrs. O. Smith, Webster, and Williams.

At the Olympic they have Liston, Madame Vestris, little Keeley, Charles Matthews, J. Bland and Miss Lee—these, of course, I merely name as the *elite* of the company. Young Matthews is very deservedly popular. He is writing a farce.

Balfe, author of the Siege of Rochelle, appeared on Wednesday, at what is called a "Classical Chamber Concert," (established by Mori), at Willis's Rooms. He sung a fine canteta, called "Despair," composed by himself. He is said, (for I did not hear him), to be a fine vocalist.

Macready has been starring at Bristol, where his father was manager for many years.

Miss Inverarity that *was*, Mrs. Martyn that *is*, are at Glasgow, where Sinclair (worn out as a singer) also is.

Vestris has a design on the English Opera house, and has offered terms for it: her lease of the Olympic is nearly out—that is, will be out in March.

The Strand Theatre which opened *last* week closed *this*; the actors were afraid it was not duly licenced, (for in this "land of liberty" all theatres must have patents or licenses), and though the actresses "stood to their guns like men," the gentlemen *bolted!* Rayner has taken this little theatre, but 'twont do.

The next theatrical novelty will be "Rienzi," adapted to the Adelphi stage by little Buckstone, from Bulwer's noble romance. It will be produced in ten days. Elton will appear as *Rienzi*: he is a small, *keen*-eyed and *Kean*-looking man, full of ability.

Master Burke, (as if he were in a bib and tucker), has appeared at the Surrey, where, eight years ago, he was the (juvenile) hero. He came out as *Romeo* and *Dr. O'Toole*, and being more than a child, and not quite a man, his acting is but so-so. The audience, however, applauded lustily.

Next week, Miss E. Romer (as they still call her, though now a Mrs. somebody,) comes before the Covent Garden audience as Esmeralda—exquisite Esmeralda in a sort of opera, called *Quasimodo*, founded on Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame." The music will be Weber's taken from the *Preciosa* and *Sylvana*.

Moncrieff is bringing out a new melo drama at the Victoria.

The Opera—the Italian Opera—opens on Monday fortnight, Feb. 13.

There is no more theatrical news: the town is filling with fashionables—the King's speech is expected with avidity—London stands where it did.

And I am, Yours truly, ——.

THEATRICALS IN YANKEE LAND.

Nothing going on this week at *our* Theatres of peculiar interest. Jack Reeve has been the lion of the town, and has played to full and warm hearted houses. He takes his Benefit the first of the week, and we just speak of it now for the benefit of a procrastinating friend, who might be too late for a ticket. The Watsons play at this Benefit.

During the week ensuing Mrs. Pritchard and Mr. John R. Scott take Benefits at the Franklin, when we trust to see a strong muster of their friends.

The Jewess was brought out at the Bowery last Monday, and has been quite attractive ever since. To-night (Friday) the Park will be overflowed, as Mr. Simpson has got up the same drama—in name—as originally produced at Drury Lane, and with a disregard to expense that must put all competition at defiance.

Pop Emmons is dramatising, at Washington, his late quarrel with his Landlord. The identical pistol with which the orator was fired at, will be produced, and the principal incident will be the orator's flight along the Avenue arrayed in his shirt, with his necessary garment in his hand. The same gentleman has also altered the play of Tecumseh from three to five acts, introducing into it several passages from the well known and never read Epic poem of the Fredoniad.

At the Washington Theatre a few evenings since, the Deputation of Cherokee Indians, at present in that city, performed several dances to the admiration of a crowded house.

At the Holiday-street Theatre in Baltimore, on Monday 29th Feb., "the Baltimore Dramatic Association" performed *The Apostate* and *Turn out* for the Benefit of the suffering Poor of the city, Mrs. Duff volunteering her services in the character of *Florinda* in the play, and Miss Anderson in that of *Marian Ramsay* i the farce.

At Mobile, Celeste was *tremendously* attractive—more so, (if possible) than in New Orleans, her houses averaging over $700 per night! It was computed that at her Benefit *one-third* of the entire population of the city attended the Theatre. Miss Phillips followed Celeste, and performed to good houses for a fortnight. Yankee Hill was the star at the last accounts—Mrs. Gibbs was to follow—then the Barnes', &c. A friend writes us that Old Sol. has appeared in the character of Guy Goodluck in the farce of "John Jones," and performed it with great success for a number of nights. As our correspondent is a great admirer of our own Placide in that character, Mr. Smith would feel complimented considerably if we were to show him the letter.

Miss Clarke has joined the company, having been among Ludlow and Smith's first engagements. She is spoken of as a deserving, talented young lady.

On Dit. There is a rumor that the Mobile Corps Dramatique is to be *reduced* by making *two* of its members one—but we will mention no names until more fully advised on this *knotty* question.

Several ill-tempered articles have appeared in one of the Mobile papers, signed "Jaques"—(*Jackass* would have been quite as appropriate a signature)—against the Theatre. He says "it is a glorious privilege to hiss," and recommends the audience to practice that *serpentine* habit. He will scarcely succeed in obtaining prosolytes to his doctrines in that quarter. These essays are generally supposed to be written (?) by one Jim Davis—a play writer of some notoriety.

Poor little Miss Rae, formerly of the Park, is no more. Her death occurred recently in New-Orleans, and is the more to be regretted, as aside from her talents as an actress, she was the principal support, by her professional exertions, of an aged mother. Her father was at one time manager of Drury Lane.

The Boston Morning Post is *rather* hard upon our "Royal" namesake of the American Traveller, of that ilk. He says "the *Traveller* criticises the shirts the actors at the Warren wear—we are glad he confines his scrutiny to the masculine portion of the company."

We listened a day or two since, to the following little domestic anecdote, which we are assured, was so generally *heard* that it is almost *believed*. Our informant said, that the lady of one of our most distinguished military citizens, he that now commands the first Division, invited to her house a large party, among whom was Mrs. Wood, the distinguished vocalist. During the evening Mrs. W. was frequently pressed to sing, and she kindly conceded to the wishes of the hostess, until most of the time of the party was taken up with her attractive music—which it was hinted to be the altraction of the evening. Stung with such a hint, Mrs. W. next morning sent in her bill, which, of course, was paid. The story ought to be true because it has the advantage of age and frequent repetition. We remember that it was told of Mrs. Bartley, and several other distinguished artists. In the present case, it may be due to truth, and to the feelings of all parties, to say, that there is not a word of truth in the story. The family of the gentleman have never seen Mrs. W. on nor off the stage. The hospitality of that family is too well known to have it doubted that those who were invited to the house, would be properly treated—and the character of Mrs. W. is too well known to have is believed, under any circumstance, that she would submit even to the shade of disrespect, could there be found in our city any one to offer it.

We have only noticed this gossip, because it may need contradiction out of Philadelphia. Here where both parties are known, such a story would scarcely have credence.

Philadelphia U. S. Gazette.

Lord Cullen, the Mimic.—Robert Cullen, the son of the celebrated physician, and who finally officiated as judge in the court of session, possessed amazing powers of mimickry, which were manifested in his early years. One evening, when his father was going to the theatre, he entreated to be taken along, but for some reason was condemned to remain at home. Some time after the departure of the doctor, Mrs. Cullen heard him come along the passage as if from his own room, and say at her door, "Well, after all, you may let Robert go." Robert was accordingly allowed to depart for the theatre, where his appearance gave no small surprise to his father. On the old gentlemaa coming home and remonstrating with his lady for allowing the boy to go, it was discovered that the voice which seemed to give permission had proceeded from the young wag himself.

In maturer years Cullen could not only mimic any voice or mode of speech, but enter so thoroughly into the nature of any man, that he could supply exactly the ideas which he was likely to use. His imitations were therefore something much above all mimicries—they were Shakspearian representations of human character. He has been known in a social company, where another was expected, to stand up in the character of that person, and return thanks for the proposal of his health; and this was done so happily, that when the individual did arrive, and got upon his legs to speak for himself, the company was convulsed with an almost exact repetition of what Cullen had previously uttered, the manner also, and every inflection of the voice being alike. In relating anecdotes, of which he possessed a vast store, he used to prefnce them with a sketch of the person referred to, which greatly increased the effect, as the story was then told characteristically. These sketches were remarked to be extremely graphic, and most elegantly expressed.

When a young man, residing with his father, he was very intimate with Dr. Roberston, the principle of the University, and the celebrated author of the life of Charles V. To show that Robertson was ill to imitate, it may be mentioned, from the report of a gentleman who has often heard him making public orations, that when the students observed him pause for a word, and would themselves mentally supply it, they invariably found that the word which he did use was different from that which they thought suitable. Cullen however could imitate him to the life, either in his more formal speeches or in his ordinary discourse.—He would often in entering a house which the Principal was in the habit of visiting, assume his voice in the lobby and stair, and when he arrived at the drawing room door, astonish the family by turning out to be—Bob Cullen.

Lord Grenville, a pupil of the Principal's, having been one night detained at a protracted debauch, where Cullen was also present, the latter gentleman got admission to the bed-room of the young nobleman, where personating Dr. Robertson, he sat down by the bed-side, and with all the manner of the reverend Principal, gave him a sound lecture for having been out so light at night. Grenville, who had fully expected this visit, lay in remorseful silence, and allowed his supposed monitor to depart without saying a word. In the course of a quarter of an hour, however, when the real Dr. Robertson entered, and commenced a harangue exactly duplicating that just concluded, he could not help exclaiming that it was *too bad* to give it him twice over. "Oh, I see how it is," said Robertson, rising to depart—"that rogue Bob Cullen must have been with you." The Principal became at length quite accustomed to Bob's tricks, which he would seem from the following anecdote to have regarded in a friendly spirit. Being attended during an illness by Dr. Cullen, it was found necessary to administer a liberal dose of laudanum. The physician, however, asked him in the first place, in what manner laudanum affected him. Having received his answer, Cullen remarked with surprise, that he had never known any one affected in the same way by laudanum, besides his son Bob. "Ay," said Robertson, "does the rascal take me off there too."

Mr. Cullen entered at the Scottish bar in 1764, and distinguished himself highly as a lawyer, was raised to the bench in 1796, when he took the designation of Lord Cullen. He cultivated elegant literature, and contributed some papers of acknowledged merit, to the Mirror and Lounger—but it was in conversation that he chiefly shone. We were informed by the late Sir William Macleod Bennytyne who was his early associate, that the late George IV. always spoke of him as one of the most delightful men he had ever met. Lord Cullen died on the 28th of November, 1810.

On Monday night died, at the advanced age of 90, Mrs. Copley, the mother of Lord Lyndhurst. This estimable lady, besides the proud gratification of witnessing the wellearned honors of her eminent son, had the pleasure of enjoying his society throughout her long life, having, we believe, never lived apart from him.

A Wager Decided.—A dancer of the Grand Theatre, named Bourrachon, dining out last week with another actor and the chief mechanist of the theatre, proposed to his companions to go to a shooting gallery, and practice pistol firing. M. Bourrachon made a bet that he would hit the bull's eye the first shot. He primed and loaded his pistol, and crying out "There's the bull's eye!" put the weapon in his mouth, pulled the trigger, and shot himself dead.

European Correspondence.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, January 14, 1836.

W. T. PORTER, Esq.—*Dear Sir.* I have collected some particulars respecting the theatrical goings-on in this Babylon of modern days, and, agreeable to your wish, submit them to you.

The foremost novelty is, the appearance, with success, of a fair *debutante*, on the boards of Covent Garden theatre. Tuesday, January 5, may be noted, in theatrical annals, as the memorable day on which a truly gifted woman made her successful *debût* before as full an audience as for years filled Covent Garden Theatre. Knowles's *Hunchback* was announced (first time this season), with the author as *Master Walter*, and that *ci-devant jeune homme*, Charles Kemble, (who is nearer 70 than 60,) as *Sir Thomas Clifford*. Of the fair *debutante*, fame had spoken well, but not loudly. I knew pretty well that she would *take*; for I had seen her eighteen months since at Richmond, as *Portia*, and never witnessed a more exquisite performance. I was afraid, I confess, that fear might palsy her energies, but it had quite a contrary effect.

Helen Faucit has a fine form—graceful, tall, commanding: it reminds me of what Miss O'Neill *was*. Her voice is exquisitely clear—full and mellow in its intonations, and audible in its lowest whisper. But the audience were so enthusiastic, that they spoiled much of its effect, by applauding her so as to make her pause. When Miss O'Neill made her *debût*, the applause was nothing like what Miss Faucit received.

Miss H. Faucit certainly has succeeded better than did Fanny Kemble. Her *Julia* differs from Fanny's—which was *shrewish*. Perhaps Fanny could not help this, for her temperament is somewhat that way. But *Julia* was a woman, and *no* shrew. When Clifford harshly and unexpectedly checked her for too much preference for the pleasures of a town life, Fanny Kemble replied as if she would have bitten off his head, for "his imperance:" Miss Faucit, as if she was galled by the rebuke, felt that she deserved it (though not so bitterly), and loved the man more than ever who gave it.

Again, Fanny Kemble was violent and rugged in her exclamation to Helen, when disparaging Clifford. She gave it, "I hate you, Helen!" Miss Faucit's was thus: "Helen!" (a pause of a moment, and then—as if she gulphed down what she would have said) "I hate you!" in a tone half serious, half badinage. 'Twas a new reading, and it told. In the eelebrated "Do it!—nor leave the task to me!" methinks Miss Faucit was too commanding—the words should have been spoken as if life and death depended upon their issue.

Oh! what an admirable *Juliet* will this fair creature make!—the finest, beyond doubt, since F. H. Kelly. But it would be hard to judge of what Miss Faucit may be: she has displayed talent and mind, and the public will expect much from her.

She was fortunate in being exceedingly well supported—Knowles and Kemble, Miss Taylor's *Helen* (a little overdone), Vale's *Fathom*, Osbaldistone's *Modus*, and Pritchard's *Lord Tinsel*. The audience were in raptures, and called for Miss Helen Faucit: I did not see her, having run behind the scenes to wish her joy—but she made a graceful obeisance. Knowles, too, appeared, and said, in his happy manner, that it gave him pleasure to find neither his play or himself had grown out of their memory. *One* person called for Charles Kemble—and there was a glorious laugh at him.

I went behind the scenes, and met Helen Faucit coming from the front. She was trembling with the excitement of her success; and before she could reach the green-room, was obliged to lean against a scene, until nature found relief in tears. Knowles was delighted—very much delighted, at her success. Kemble made himself scarce—not *very* liberal.

We have had at Drury Lane, *Spectacle*, as an opposition to the fine acting at Covent Garden. Pray do not mind what the *Age* may say of the latter theatre. Osbaldistone is doing more for the natural drama than Alfred Bunn. *The Jewess* is spectacle—the *Siege of Rochelle* is operatic—and the *Bronze Horse* is a mixture of these and song. Is *this* keeping up the natural drama? Why, at Covent Garden, there was Shakspeare with, it is true, so bad a hero as Kemble—but still it *was* the natural drama. Then, too, a week with Knowles and Kemble—if Knowles's plays form not part of the natural drama, what does? The *Age* is edited by Charles Molloy Westmacott, who *was* a low scene-shifter, scene-painter, candle-snuffer, at Manchester, and who *is* the paid agent of Bunn. Thus, much as Westmacott hates Kemble (who gave him a caning in the lobby of Covent Garden Theatre), his cue, this week, is to depreciate Helen Faucit, and, *therefore*, says she is not to be named on the same day with "my daughter Fanny." Thus, too, an attempt to *blow* Miss Faucit's character by speaking of her as Favieri's pupil, it being known that Mrs. Faucit lives with Favieri: and it *not* being known that Miss Faucit has not been brought up by her frail mamma.

Bunn has brought out *his* version of *Le Cheval de Bronze*, written by Scribe, and the music by Auber. It is a Chinese Fairy tale. It seems there is a bronze horse which carries off to the planet Venus all who mount on him. In the planet are handsome "female women," who, if you flirt with them, send you down to earth, quick as a plummet in the water. Those who safely descend *per* the horse are safe, while they keep *mum* as to what they have seen, and then, heaven help us, are turned into "statues of stone" as one of the gallery gods exclaimed, last night. A fat mandarin (H. Phillips) mounts the horse—visits Venus—blabs, before his two wives, of what he has seen and is turned into stone. His handsomest wife (Miss Sheriff) then flirts with her lover (Duruset) who visited Venus, and attempting to explain things is also made statue-like, thereupon Miss Sheriff dons the *inexpressibles*—ventures to Venus on the horse,—comes back with means to disenchant all the family—and, as a reward, marries her lover, in the happiest way imaginable. Miss Sheriff and Mr. Phillips, sang and acted well. Mr. Templeton, Mr. Seguin, and Miss H. Cawser sang well, and Misses Forde and Healey, neither acted well nor sang well.

The piece was handsomely brought out: scenery, dresses, and machinery. The music is feeble in character, but some airs are exquisite. There are some comic dances, arranged by Monsieur Anatole, who got up the *Revolt of the Harem*. In the lanthorn dance, at the conclusion, Wieland performs some extraordinary grotesque evolutions.

At the Queen's Theatre, Mrs. Nisbett is going on the shilling order system which fails to fill the house. This is odd, as the performances are clever.

Miss Vincent has left the Adelphi, and gone to Covent Garden. She was one of the manager's Surrey Theatre company, and, once on a time, committed a "foxe's paw" with him, but pray don't mention this as it might be libellous:—our English law being "the greater the truth the greater the libel."

At the Lyceum Theatre a Mr. King has made a successful *debut* as *Tom Tug*. His "The Bay of Biscay, O!" was encored. Miss Atkinson was the *Wilhelmina*.

Mrs. Waylett is going to sing at the Strand Theatre:—Rayner's.

Glorious news in the musical world!—Pasta is to revisit London this season.—The King's Theatre (Italian Opera) opens in a month, it is said with Malibran, Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache. It is said, also, that the season will open with a new opera, never performed in this country, called La Pazza per Amore. Who it is by I hav'nt learned. You will probably recollect that Paesiello has a beautiful opera by this name. Mr. Balfe, the successful author of "the Siege of Rochelle," is writing an Italian opera for the King's Theatre; the subject is the Merry Wives of Windsor. What a fine burly Falstaff will Lablache be! He may act it without much stuffing, 'cause why?

I have been looking over the foreign Journals, this morning, and may as well give you a few items—because they cannot get into the English papers for some days, if they ever get there.

Auber's *La Muette di Portici* (Masaniello) *had* been performed at Rome with great success, and *has* been suppressed by the police, because, although exceedingly mutilated so as to please the authorities, its tendency was too liberal!

Madamoiselle Giulia Grisi has two sisters, (Judith and Ernestine) who have recently made their debut, at Bologna, in Bellini's opera of *Norma*. Judith Grisi took the principal character, and Ernestine appeared as *Adalgisa*, the *role* of which was written by Giulla Grisi. The *debut* was favorable.

Coppola has brought out a new opera at Milan called *Nina Pazza per Amore*: The Italians say that in Coppola they have found an equivalent for Bellini.

A large company of Italians recently embarked at Bourdeaux for Mexico.

In 1835 there was no lack of dramatic productions in Paris: 211 new pieces were brought out. The following is the enumeration of them at each theatre:—Academie Royal de Musique, 3 (1 opera and 2 ballets;) Theatre Francais, 10 (4 dramas and 6 comedies, besides 15 old plays re-produced;) Opera Comique, 9 (and 6 *reprises*;) Theatre Italien, 3; Gymnase, 16; Vaudeville 17; Varieties, 26 (one of them without couplets;) Palais Royal, 28 (including two operas;) Gaite, 8; ambique Comique, 19; Porte St. Martin, 11; Cirque, 16; Folies 9; Choiseul, 14; Pantheon, 16; St. Antonie, 5.—Total, 211.

There is to be a Musical Festival at Exeter Hall, (a place built for the meeting of the Saints and Biblicals—who fancy themselves the only Christians extant.) Sir Geo. Smart will be the conductor, and is to be disguised on this occasion, in clean linen. Handel is to be the standard dish: the *Messiah* one day, *Israel in Egypt* another, and *Solomon* on the third. Of each performance there will be a public rehearsal:—that is, each oratorio will be given twice. 'Twon't do, neither will the place do: and, not to speak irreverently, we are tired of *the Messiah* (Handel's mind you) which is a standing dish (not one to stand on) at every Festival, any time this last quarter of a century.

Barnett is bringing out a new opera at Covent Garden Theatre: its name is "Fain Rosamond."

I believe that De Begnis, at Liverpool, is making the Italian Opera pay very well.

Knowles is at Manchester—Miss Elphinstone is *not*, and the *Advertiser's* scandal about them is disbelieved here. I thought Colonel Stone was a bit of a saint! If so, has the ninth commandment slipped from *his* decalogue? Mayhap, he thinks Knowles ain't a "neighbour," 'cause he came across the waters!

The Queen, it is said, is much pleased at Miss Fauct's success, and has promised to visit Covent Garden to see her act.

We have had no theatrical novelties worth mentioning this week.

Yours faithfully, ☞

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

LIVERPOOL, January 16, 1836.

The Manchester betting has not yet commenced, consequently I cannot give it this week.

At Tattersall's, on the last Sporting day, the following was the betting (it will not appear in "Bell's Life" until *to-morrow*), which is of some interest. [Having given the state of the odds a week or two later in the Spirit of the Times of last Saturday, we have thought best to omit our correspondent's quotations.]

In Liverpool, the *Mummy* is the favorite, closely run on by *Taishteer*.

For the Oaks, they bet 9 to 1 on *Promise*.

The *York Herald*—the best sporting paper in England—says that Taishteer is not entered for the Doncaster St. Leger.

The Newmarket St. Leger includes Elis, Alumnus, Calmuck, colt by Merlin or Merchant, Taishteer, brother to Beiram, brother to Mosquito, brother to St. Nicholas, and two others.

Two years since, Mr. Kirby, of York, sold Lottery to some parties to send to France, Louis Philippe being on the *qui vive* to improve the breed. The same persons have now purchased from Mr. Kirby, the stallion Atteruter, by Figaro or Lottery, out of Miss Fanny's dam, by Orville, late the property of Mr. Powlett—a two year old colt, Chance, by Lottery, dam by Smolensko, out of Patience, by Buzzard; and a three year old colt, (thorough bred), to go to France. For these, Mr. Kirby will get Lottery, (one of the first stallions in the world), in case that Louis Phillipe will allow this fine horse to leave France, and if not, he is to give one thousand guineas. [A mistake, corrected by our correspondent in his letter of the 24th, in our last paper—the Frenchman wont sell.]

Glencoe, by Sultan, out of Trampoline, by Tramp, has been purchased by Tattersall. He covers at 16 guineas.

Several additional entries have been made for the Doncaster Races since my last. They include none for the St. Leger.

The entry has been made, this week, for the Liverpool Craven meeting.

There is to be a "grand fight" on February 9, fifty miles from Liverpool, between Thomas Britton and James W. Molyneux (a black). The articles say "a fair stand-up fight, in a twenty-four feet roped ring, half-minute time, for £50 aside." Each man to weigh no more than 11 stone 8½ lbs. on the Saturday before fighting. The odds are in favor of the black, who beat Bill Fisher, last November, after fifty-two rounds, in seventy minutes. But you had better take a verse or two of Fogo's description.

The men shook hands at one, their condition being fine—
Bill Fisher made a bold attempt to break the enemy's line;
Molyneux returned the compliment, and fought both left and right—
The odds *was* now full 2 to 1, the black will win the fight.

The ice it being broke, the rounds *was* short and quick:
Bill Fisher, like a hero, to the black man he did stick,
Until nature did desert him, and then obliged to yield,
He still remains as game a man as ever stripped in field.

In two-and-fifty rounds, Fisher could not answer call—
In one hour and ten minutes, this brave fellow he did fall:
Let him not despair, but hope another time
That he may prove the conqueror, and say—"the battle's mine."

The black, declared the winner, with good and manly smile,
Shook his brave opponent's hand in the true old English style;
He scorned to take advantage, although the game was in his hand—
Such conduct, like a monument, for ever it will stand;

For their whole intention was, by a fair and manly fight,
Who should take away the blunt, the black man or the white.

There are a dozen more verses, but I presume that you have enough here. It is Fogo's latest lay. Think of the nigger's having

"Shook his brave opponent's hand in the true old English style,"

and then remark how prophetically, and poetically, the "Frosty-faced" bard declares—

"Such conduct, *like a monument*, for ever it will stand,"

thereby telling us that monuments are to be eternal, henceforth, for ever and a day. Truly, the bard and his subject are in harmonious unison.

It is strange that, brutalizing as is the trade and life of a professed pugilist, John Gully, the member of Parliament for the Borough of Pontefract, is one of the most gentlemanly persons in the House of Commons. A sketch of his career may amuse some of your readers, and I shall try and get materials for it this day week. Jack is fond of *knock-down* arguments, and, of course, is unso-*fist*-icated!

There is a report that General Grosvenor is about giving up the turf. I presume that he has lost $2,500,000 dollars by it!

Chester races nominations include some of the first four years' old of the day. Among the three years old, for the free Handicap stakes, the Mummy takes the lead.

This year will be one of the busiest in sporting that the Turf has yet witnessed.

The Duke of Devonshire is *not* "a sporting character," as some of the newspapers represent him. He is essentially the reverse. True, he gambles *a few*, but he has no inclination for the turf, or for field sports. Once or twice a year a cricket match takes place at Chatsworth, (his principal seat), where the Derbyshire *yokels* are "honored" with his presence, and he drives to Buxton or Chesterfield races—because he owns Buxton and Chesterfield. He sometimes visits Doncaster, Newmarket, or Epsom, because *it is the fashion*, but he has not a racer in his stud.

The Duke's income is about the same as the Marquis of Westminster's, viz.: $5000 a day. But when the leases in Belgrave-Square and some other "West-end" parts of London fall in, the Marquis's income will be more than doubled.—On the contrary, the Duke is dreadfully in debt—owes $5,000,000 on Chatsworth, and offers to sell his London property for $1,500,000! The man deserves to be poor: he is the dupe of his servants, his mistress, and his vanity. He is nose-led by a pseudo-*valet*, Ridgway, who is now his steward.

The present speaker of the House of Commons, (Abercrombie), was a sort of steward to the Duke of Devonshire.

The Duke of Devonshire is a great book collector, *but never reads*. He is "deaf as a post," and never speaks in Parliament: he is now at Paris, and will remain there until March. The "fashionable world" will grieve at this.—Why? do they love the man? No, indeed, but they love the excellent balls he gives during the London season!

Lucien Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, is about to publish his memoirs.—They are written in French, but M. Ladvocat, of Paris, and Bentley, of London, will publish them simultaneously. These memoirs cannot fail to throw great light upon the history of Napoleon.

"The Sportsmen," is a new publication, in which, while there is nothing very new, there is a variety of excellent selected articles. The reports of races won, and announcements of those coming, are good.

Johnson, author of several sporting works, (the Dictionary or Encyclopædia of Sporting, &c.), was a resident in Liverpool for many years. He was a printer of ballads, pamphlets, &c., but has now gone to London.

John Fogo, the laureate of the Ring, commonly known as "Frosty-faced Fogo," is now a resident in Liverpool, where he follows the vocation of "a publican and sinner."

When you write to your friends, mention that Jack Langan, well known for his spirited stand-up fight with Spring, is now the proprietor of the most popular and money-making public house in Liverpool. He has amassed about forty thousand dollars, is much respected by all classes, and does *not* encourage the r[illegible]ing.

LIVERPOOL, January 19, 1836.

The detention of the *Orpheus*, by contrary winds, enables me to bring my sporting intelligence up to this date. [We omit the state of the odds.]

New Market July Meeting, the entries are out. For the Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, p. p., with 30 added (for two year old colts and fillies), twelve entered. For the Tradesmens' Cup, value 200 sovs., with 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and 5 only if declared by 1st March, 1836. Two miles; second horse to have 50 sovs. out of the stakes; 57 named, including Mundig, General Chasse, Verbena, Queen of Trumps, and other fine 3, 4, and 5 years old. For the St. Leger Stakes, 14 entries, and 7 for the Handicap Sweepstakes. The Stand Cup, value 100 sovs., added to a subscription of 10 sovs. each, will be run on the Fourth Day. There are 12 entries, including Mundig, Verbena, General Chasse, Touchstone, and De Rous.

The betting on the Liverpool July Cup, p. p., is thus—the following nine are backed against the field: General Chasse, Touchstone, Inheritor, Queen of Trumps, Lady de Gros, Jupiter, Mundig, Red Rover, and Wyndham.

For the Chester Trade Cup, p. p., five have been backed against the field. The odds are 8 to 1 against the Queen.

In my last, I sent you the entry for the Liverpool Craven Meeting—the summary is for the Tradesmens' Cup, value 100 sovs., with 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each; 10 ft., and 5 only if declared on or before the 1st of March, 1836; the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes; Two miles. Weights to be published on the 1st of February, and acceptances to be declared on or before the 1st of March: 26 subscribers—25 named. This includes Lord Derby's Verbena (ch. f., by Velocipede, 4 yrs. old), Mr. Mostyn's br. f. Queen of Trumps, 4 yrs. old, Lord Stanley's ch. c. Amaranth, 4 yrs. old, Sir J. Boswell's General Chasse, 5 yrs. old, and other good horses. For the Liverpool Spring St. Leger of 25 sovs. each, with 50 sovs. added, for 3 year old colts, 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb., one mile and three quarters, the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake—there are only *six* entries. For the Craven Stakes, *thirteen* entries. These stakes are 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., with 50 added, for two year old colts, 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lbs. T. V. C. For the Stand Cup, *eight* entries, including Verbena, Queen of Trumps, and General Chasse. This cup, value 100 sovs., given by the proprietors of the late Maghull Races, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages: three years old, 6st. 10lbs.; four, 8st. 2lbs.; five, 8st. 10lbs.; six, and aged, 9st.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs.; the second horse to receive 20 sovs. out of the stake. The winner of the Doncaster, St. Leger, or Cup, in 1835, to carry 4lbs. extra; the second horse for the St. Leger, 2lb. extra; the winner of the Chester Stand Cup in 1836 to carry 3lbs. extra: the winner of the Trade Cup in the Craven Meeting, 1836, to carry 5lbs. extra: but no horse to carry more than 7lbs. extra. Two miles.

For the Liverpool July Meeting, the week after, the Queen of Trumps 10 to 1 against Red Rover and Altamont, 12 to 1 against Jupiter, and 15 to 1 against Barbara Bell—all taken.

Worcestershire steeple chase, open to all England, comes off at the end of February or commencement of March, near Worcester. It is for a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with a purse of 50 sovs. added.

Several other steeple chases have been on, and are coming on. Waltham Abbey comes on to-morrow, Jan. 20; Aylesbury, not named. Cheltenham Annual Steeple Chase takes place March 25, for a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 25 added by Lord Segrave, for all horses carrying 12st. each, ridden by gentlemen, over a line of country not more than 5 miles—Lord Segrave to be umpire. A second steeple chase, same day and place, over the last two miles. Cheltenham Spring Meeting takes place on March 26. Lord Segrave, steward.

The Newmarket Meeting will take place on February 3d, 4th, and 5th.

The Carlists are closely pressing St. Sebastian. The Portuguese treasury is nearly empty, but the Portuguese Queen is full of—anticipation, her second husband being *en route* to her arms. The new legal peers are, Sir C. Pepys, (Lord Chancellor), and Mr. Bickersteth, (Master of the *Rolls*), but *not* a baker! Their titles will be Lords Cottingham and Langdale. Brougham is quiet (for a month) in the country; but if they do not give *him* more place, he'll give them a specimen of Billingsgate. London stands where it did,—the Thames has not been set on fire by Joe Hume—and I have no more news.

SOMETHING SOMEWHAT SOPHISTICAL.—Our ancient and uncommonly venerable friend and neighbor, the *Morning Herald*, said on Wednesday, that "It is *evident* that *no doubt* exists as to the origin of the fire at New-York, because it commenced in a store, and is *supposed* to have been occasioned by an *accident*." We believe something of this sort was said by the Cabinet Council of Messrs. BROUGHAM and Co., when the House of Commons was burnt down. One thing, however, is "evident;" that "no doubt" exists that the fire at New-York is "supposed" to have been occasioned by "accident" because it is "evident" that "no doubt" exists it is "supposed" to have broken out by "accident," the very next door to ARTHUR TAPPAN, for whose head the Lynch-Law gentlemen offered a reward. All this, we say, is something somewhat sophistical.

[London Age, January 7.

A NEW NOBLEMAN.—The funny fellows in America, who disclaim every thing in the shape of titles, distribute among themselves, pretty mortal magnificently, an uncommon handsome considerable commodity of Captains, Colonels, and Generals; but our friend of the *Chronicle* out-Yankees the Yankeys most horribly, tremendously, astounding, and elegant; for on Wednesday last he calls the crockery-monger of Portugal-street, who presided over the Cheesemongers' Society, the *Noble Chairman!* We are glad to see our friend thus practically repudiating Republicanism. [Ib.

HAPPY MALTON.—By the elevation of Sir C. PEPYS to the woolsack, a vacancy occurs in the representation of Malton, which, by the liberality of the patron the Earl FITZWILLIAM, is allowed to choose independently for itself, provided it elects the person who is introduced by Mr. ALLEN, his Lordship's agent. We do not know who the happy man will be this time, though most probably the Earl's son, who, by the melancholy death of his brother, and the subsequent birth of a *daughter* from his widowed bride, is now Lord MILTON. We are not quite sure however that he is of age; if not, the Malton people must elect a warming-pan. How independent! [Ib.

"CROM-A-BOO" IN THE LORDS.—Ireland's only Duke, it is said, is to move the address in the Peers. We are sorry to hear this, as we had considered his Grace of Leinster far too independent a nobleman to appear, (disguise the truth however he may), as the tool of O'Connell, his country's arch curse and despot. We hope the report will prove without foundation. Should his Grace, as we surmise he will, studiously disavow participation in the O'Connell principles, he will deceive no *one*. The delusion will not veil the fact from the eyes of Englishmen. [Ib.

PAUL ULRIC.—Time was when an American novel was a curiosity—now they are as plentiful as blackberries in the summer. "Paul Ulric," by a gentleman of Philadelphia, is written in a bold, dashing style. The incidents follow each other without very much regard to probability; but the manner and matter of the fiction show that the author has imagination and ability. He has merely broken the ice now. Liverpool Journal.

FROM OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, March 1, 1836.

Jam satis terris, nivis atque dirae grandinis, hath father Jupiter sent, and still the same awful weather continues—the only contrast we enjoy being that betwixt rain, hail, and snow, with at night sufficient frost to congeal the chaotic mass, rendering the streets insecure to all, save those who (to use the language of an anonymous classic author) "are rich, and ride in chaises." This inclement state of things has not prevented a meeting of most of the country gentlemen from the neighbouring counties to be present at a "cocking match," which came off at Esseling's, about three miles from Washington, a few days since. I shall endeavor to obtain for you the particulars of the "bloody fray;" but for my own poor part, that species of amusement delighteth me not, and I care not a doit whether Gingerpile beat Tickle Toby, or Cock-o'-pinch beat him. I perceive it answered the purpose for which it was ordained, creating an extraordinary demand for superior old Madeira, and putting to a nonplus even the politeness of the accommodating Mons. Favier, the prince of caterers, the Ude of Washington, bringing more guests to his establishment than he had room to accommodate, or even chairs to seat.

BOOTH has been playing at the National Theatre for some nights past, in his very best style; he is suffering from slight indisposition; and, strange to say, I think from that very cause his playing has been more chaste, more intellectual, although perhaps less fiery. It happens often that actors, when they have frequently played a part, acquire a mechanical, off-hand method of getting through their tasks—a sort of walking over the course, to overcome which they require some excitement; probably the best prescription in a case of the kind is a crowded house. With Booth, indisposition compelled exertion, and that exertion produced a freshness and vigor in his representations that has answered two good purposes—first, it has filled the house nightly with delighted auditors—*ergo*, the manager's pocket flourisheth, and in the 2nd place, it has procured for the tragedian himself another last engagement previous to his transatlantic voyage. Last night he enacted King Lear for the Benefit of our very worthy and amiable stage manager Mr. Ward, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and the entire absence of lamps in our streets, the house was full to suffocation: a proper compliment to Mr. W., who is not only a gentleman of refined and elegant manners and of strict morality of conduct, but a most competent manager, admirably combining the sauviter in modo with the fortiter-in-re.

Great preparations are making to open the Canada Theatres by Ward and Dinmore (the latter gentleman is now treasurer in Philadelphia, for Messrs. Maywood and Co.) Their stock company will contain a great deal of talent, and among the stars engaged I hear mention made of Booth, Balls, Reeve, Fanny Jarman and Herr Cline. Theatricals have never prospered greatly in Canada, but I feel sure that the superior manner in which the business will be conducted, and the attention that is paid to the engagement of those only whose acting both on and off the stage will bear the strictest scrutiny, will result in a prosperous season to the managers, and will afford much enjoyment to our friends "in the north."

A few nights since a splendid assembly was held at the National Theatre, which is so contrived that at a few hours notice it can be converted into a most magnificent Ball-room. I need not mention that the affair was most aristocratic and select, and was altogether conducted in a manner that I suppose out of Washington could not be surpassed. Waltzing is the style of dancing most in vogue here, and some of our ladies do certainly excel in it.

"When they move, the Graces
"Seem to guide each motion."

The Belle of the evening was a Mis McB——r, of Maryland, whose winning air and graceful manner, has completely turned the heads of most of the young men, who now find no other employment than scribbling verses to the fair lady's eye-brows.

The great success of Curtis's play of Pocahontas has induced the venerable author to write a little interlude in compliment to our tars. It brought into play some very clever machinery, representing the launching of a frigate, and was enlivened by some very pretty songs composed by Biehlman, and admirably sung by Taylor and Mrs. Knight. It is one of those bagatelles that always take with the million. I presume you will have it in New-York, as Mr. Curtis writes for fame alone. It would be of value to your friend Dinneford, and would give Joe Jefferson an opportuniy of displaying his talents as an artist; water scenery being his forte.

The encouragement which Maywood and Co. give to the National Drama, not with vain words, has, as might be supposed, produced a host of writers. Mr. Taylor of the Theatre, formerly of the Bowery, has ready a dramatic version of Rienzi. Little Knight is engaged upon Hogg's old novel of the Brownie of Bodsbeck, with an especial eye to the peculiar talent of Mr. Maywood for the representation of Scottish character. Gen. Macomb of the U. S. Army has an Indian play in rehearsal on the subject of the Siege of Detroit, the Indian Pontiac being his hero, and Mr. MacKenzie, who was formerly manager of our Theatre, has taken hold of Hood's novel of Tylney Hall, a work which contains a vast fund of dramatic incident, with a power of language and contrast of character, rarely combined. The play is well spoken of; but if the Dramatist retain the Characters of Twigg, Bundy, St. Kitts, Unlucky Joe, and Marguerite, and reflects upon them any portion of the author's splendor, he will rarely find Theatres with talent sufficient to undertake its representation.

We look with great anxiety for Tyrone Power's Book.

"STOP MY PAPER!!!"

Of all the silly, short-sighted, ridiculous American phrases this, as it is frequently used, is the most idle and unmeaning. We are called an infant nation, and truly we often individually conduct ourselves like children. We have a certain class of subscribers who take the Mirror and profess to like its contents till, by-and-by, an opinion meets their view with which they do not agree. What do they, then, in their sagacity? Turn to their nearest companion with a passing comment upon the error they think they have detected? or direct a brief communication to the editors, begging to dissent therefrom in the same pages where the article which displeased them has appeared? No. Get into a passion, and, for all we know, stamp and swear, and *instantly*, before the foam has time to cool on their lip, write a letter, commencing with—"Stop my paper!" If we say rents are exorbitantly high and landlords should be too generous to take advantage of an accidental circumstance—round comes a broad hat and gold-headed cane, with "Sir, stop my paper!" Does an actor receive a bit of advice? The green room is too hot to hold him till relieved by those revengeful words—"Stop my paper!" If we ever praise one, some envious rival steals gloomily in—with—"Sir, if you please, stop my paper!" We dare not hope to navigate the ocean with steamboats, but our paper is "stopped" by a ship-captain. Our doctor nearly left us to die the other day because a correspondent had praised an enemy of "our college," and we expect a "*fieri facias*" in the office presently, on account of something which we understand somebody has said against some law-suit in we do not remember what court. But all these affairs were out-done yesterday by the following:

We were sitting in our elbow-chair ruminating on the decided advantage of virtue over vice, when a little, withered Frenchman, with a cowhide as long as himself and twice as heavy, rushed into our presence.

"Sair!" and he stopped to breathe.

"Well, sir."

"Monsieur!" and he stopped again to take breath.

"Diable Monsieur!" and he flourished his instrument about his head.

"Really, my friend," said we, smiling, for he was not an object to be frightened about, "when you have perfectly finished amusing yourself with that weapon, we should like to be the master of our own leisure."

"No, sair; I have come to horsewhip you wis dis cowhide!"

We took a pistol from a drawer, cocked it, and aimed it at his head.

"Pardon, sair;" said the Frenchman, "I will first give you some littel explanation. Monsieur, *if* you have write dis article?"

We looked it over and acknowledged ourself the author. It was a few lines referring to the great improvements in rail-roads, and intimating that this mode of travelling would one day supercede every other.

"You have write dat in your papair?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, den, sair—'stop you dem papair.' I have live *quarante-neuf ans*. I have devote all my life to ride de *balloon—o'est ma grande passion. Bien, Monsieur!* I shall look to find every one wis his littel balloon—to ride horse-back in de air—to go round de world in one summair, and make me rich like Monsieur *Astair*, wis de big hotel. Well, Monsieur, now you put piece in you dem papair, to say dat de *rail-road*, monsieur, de littel rail-road, supersede—voila '*supersede*.' Dat is what you say—supersede everyting else. Monsieur, begar I have de honnair to inform you dat de rail-road nevair supersede de balloon—and also, monsieur—*ventre-bleu*!' stop you dem papair!'" [Mirror.

REJECTED "PENNY-A-LINE" CONTRIBUTIONS.

The scarcity of news at this festive season, when folks seem to seek pleasure rather than business, forces us to have recourse to the following contributions from our ingenious friends, the "penny-a-liners," who have so often appealed to our recollection of the old maxim, "Live, and let live." We cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statements made; but, unlike the daily press, having given our authority, we trust we shall be freed from the charge of wilfully wounding the nerves of our sensitive readers by our own inventions.

Dreadful Fire.—On Monday last, one of the piles used in the repairs of Blackfriars-bridge took fire, in consequence of the friction occasioned by the drifting masses of ice which floated down the river, owing to the late rapid thaw. An Irish laborer, who was seated on the top holding a rope, to which some of the works were attached, unconscious of his danger, remained stationary till the flames reached his feet. It was then too late to escape; and unwilling to save himself by jumping into the river, from the coldness of the morning, he remained till his legs were reduced to charcoal. The burning pile then fell, and with it poor Pat, who was rescued by James Watt, a waterman, and was carried to Guy's Hospital, where he was humanely attended by Sir Astley Cooper. It is feared he will lose the use of his legs.

Effects of Fright.—An old lady who had come to town to seek a friend, entered the shop of Mr. Smith, a pastry-cook, in Oxford-road, on Tuesday, to ask the number of the house in which her friend lived in the adjoining street. "Oh!" said Mrs. Smith, who was behind the counter, "she is just removing;" and pointed to a hearse which was turning the corner, with all the pomp of funeral honour. "What!" exclaimed the old lady—"you do not mean to say she is dead?" "Oh no," answered Mrs. Smith, coolly; "all I mean to insinuate is, that she is going to be buried." This was enough: the interrogator was so shocked, that she attempted to destroy herself, by swallowing her spectacles; but forgetting to take off the case, her rash intention was prevented. She was then permitted to depart; but not having since been heard of, it is presumed she has been *burked*.

An Odd Accident.—On Sunday last, Mrs. Fatsides, of Hoxton, took a hackney-coach, and directed the driver to proceed to the chapel at Pimlico, distinguished for the eloquent sermons of the Rev. Mr. Dillon. As the coach, which was one of that crazy order that disgrace the streets of the metropolis, was passing along the Strand, the bottom suddenly fell out, and Mrs Fatsides actually fell straddle-legged on the perch; in which unpleasant position, with her black stockings and red garters, exposed to the gaze of the passing throng, she rode till she reached Charing-cross, when the coachman, who was deaf, was made sensible of the awkward predicament of his fare, and pulled up—a ceremony which also took place with Mrs. Fatsides, who was also "pulled up;" but so shocked, that it became necessary to remove her to Charing-cross hospital, from whence she returned home the same night, vowing never to enter a hackney-coach again.

Singular Escape.—Two young men, while skating on the Serpentine on Saturday week, suddenly came upon some rotten ice, and instantly sunk beneath the surface. The Humane Society men rushed to the spot with their life-boat and grappling-irons, and proceeded with great activity to search for the victims of their own stupidity. The multitude was absorbed in horror, and all hope of rescue was given up, when the imprudent youths were seen scrambling out of a hole on the other side of the river, to which they had instinctively swam, having sustained no other injury than a cold duck, and the loss of some small portions of their ears, which, it was supposed, the hungry eels had bitten off.

Suicide Prevented.—On Saturday night, some Irish laborers got into a regular row at the sign of the "Potato and Salt Fish," at St. Giles's; when one of them, Teddy M'Dermott, a native of the county of Kilkenny, became so enraged, that in a paroxysm of passion he jumped down his own throat, and would have perished, but providentially having an aggravated chilblain on the heel of his right foot, which was dressed with yellow basilicon, it produced such a nausea that he was thrown off his own stomach, and thus escaped a digestive death.

Awkward Dilemma.—On Wednesday evening, Mr. Thornton of Hatton-garden, the corn doctor, having partaken freely of a twelfth cake, fell asleep on the sofa, and his children, lest they should disturb his slumbers, quitted the room. Shortly after, Mrs. Thornton suddenly entering the drawing-room, was dreadfully shocked at observing a large rat, with its head half-way in her husband's mouth, no doubt helping itself from the cavities of his hollow teeth. The rat, alarmed by the unexpected interruption, instinctively forced its way down Mr. Thornton's throat, who, waking almost in a state of suffocation, asked what was the matter. Mrs. Thornton, with horror, apprised him of the scene she had witnessed, of the truth of which the unhappy man was but too soon apprised, by feeling the jaws of the disgusting animal merrily wagging over the provender with which his living larder was so amply stored. Mr. Daniels was immediately sent for, with directions to bring his stomach-pump. On his arrival, he at once saw the serious complexion of the case; but as he was aware that the pump only applied to liquids, he had recourse to an ingenious stratagem, by which, in all probability, the life of a valuable member of society was preserved. He procured a piece of toasted cheese, which he placed on Mr. Thornton's chin, and placing him on his back on the floor, he called for a favorite cat, which he directed Mr. Thornton to hold in his arms, while the lights were put out, and all retired. The good effects of this expedient were soon apparent: the rat liking the toasted cheese better than the lubricated twelfth-cake, came up the passage by which he had entered; but had scarcely poked his whiskers out of Mr. Thornton's mouth, when the cat seized him in her talons, and drew him forth, to the infinite delight of Mr. Thornton, who happily escaped without further injury than a bite from his favorite, which, in its first snap, mistook his nose for the back of his filthy tormentor.

Curious Case of Veterinary Surgery.—On Thursday last, while the pupils in the Veterinary College at Camden-town were attending to a lecture on Comparative Anatomy, given by Mr. Coleman, in which the demonstrator was showing the similarity between the hind-leg of a donkey and the under-jaw of a dray-horse, the latter animal suddenly kicked out, and broke the under-jaw of a young gentleman from Exeter. All were astonished, as it was known the animal had been dead for three days, and had already been disemboweled; but they were still more astonished immediately after, to see the donkey open his mouth, and bray with all the vigour of life, although he had died of over-riding on Christmas-day. Mr. Coleman was puzzled to account for this unnatural phenomenon, till a mischievous wag, also from Exeter, burst into a loud laugh; and it turned out, that he had secretly applied the Galvanic battery to the defunct specimens of natural history, and thus produced the supernatural occurrences described. The sufferer, we are glad to hear, is in a fair way of recovery: his grinders are, however, destined to enjoy a holiday for some weeks.

Animated Nature.—On Thursday, Mr. Bartlett, Jun. (son of Mr. Bartlett, the *Gob-scavenger* in Drury-lane), a celebrated stuffer of birds and beasts, was engaged in stuffing the skin of a tiger which he had purchased of Mr. Cross, of the Surrey Zoological Gardens. He had already mounted the skin on a frame of wire, but had not stuffed the body, the skin under the belly remaining open. A pair of ferocious glass eyes were inserted in the natural sockets, and the head well set, when he went down to dine on a beef-steak pie, with his father, brother, and sister, and the journeyman—nothing like being particular. After dinner, he returned to his work in the room on the first floor, when to his horror he saw the tiger walking about, and looking as grim as if he had just escaped from his native forest. The astonished stuffer rushed down stairs, and the tiger after him. Old Bartlett, who was enjoying his afternoon snooze, was as much alarmed as his son, and rushed into the front shop, where Mr. Aaron Solomons, of Holywell-street, was just getting his week's beard mowed. The trio—tiger, son, and father—came dashing against poor Solomons, who was overturned, with the loss of his nose, which came in contact with the journeyman's razor. In the height of the confusion, the door opened, and out dashed a black figure, which, at first, all thought was the devil, while the tiger lay prostrate on the Jew, whose dreadful cries brought in two policemen of the F division. All pointed to the tiger, which the *blues* attacked with their truncheons, and soon cracked both his glass eyes. At length, seeing they had "done his job," they desisted, and proceeded to lift up Mr. Solomons, who was covered with his own, or the tiger's blood. The body of the defunct tiger was now examined, when lo and behold! it was found to be still the inanimate skin, supported only by its wire ribs. Surprise succeeded to terror; but at last, on more closely examining the skin, it was found to smell strongly of soot. This led to a happy *eclaircissement*. The truth flashed on old Bartlett. A young sweep had been sweeping the chimney of a lodger, in the third pair back; and coming down stairs, and seeing the room-door on the first floor open, he walked in to try the utility of his "pickers and stealers." His curiosity induced him to examine the tiger skin; but, hearing some one approach, he crept into the cavity of the stomach to conceal himself. It was at this moment young Bartlett entered. The confusion we have described followed; and Master "Soot ho!" on getting into the shop seeing the coast clear, bolted from his tiger-skin surtout, and got clear off in a new character. He has not since been heard of. The unfortunate Mr. Solomons had the worst of the joke; but Mr. Bartlett, possessing the qualities of the barbers of old, and knowing something of surgery, he picked up the severed nose from among the sawdust, and replaced it in its pristine position, securing it with a plentiful supply of "*strapping* plaster." Cohesion has since taken place by the "first intent;" and, with the exception of being debarred of the use of his snuff-box for a few weeks, Mr. Solomons is likely to sport as fine a smeller as any *Skeeney* in Christendom.

With these specimens of their talents, the "penny-a-liners" must be content, and on application as usual at the office, on producing vouchers of the truth of their communications, they shall receive the customary gratuity.

[Bell's Life in London.

AN IRISH RESOLUTION.—The following resolution, entered into at the anti-tithe meeting at Clonoulty, deserves to be recorded: "Resolved, that a legal opinion shall be obtained as to the legality of paying tithes—and that if such legal opinion shall be in favour of the claim, that we shall, notwithstanding, resist the payment unto the death." [Clonmel Herald.

"FANNY, DEAREST!"

MRS. BUTLER has not yet left us. Her dread of a winter voyage is all natural enough, and on that account she will not sail until the packet of the 24th of April. The following clever farewell, from the *New-York Mirror*, will lose none of its raciness, however, in consequence of the delay. If it does not go the rounds of the newspapers, it will say very little for the taste of the conductors of the American press. In England, two or three such articles would almost establish a reputation for a writer. But we forget that we are keeping the reader away from the extract.

"GONE, DEAR FANNY! GONE, AT LAST."—Yes! the beautiful Juliet, the proud Lady Constance, Bianca, Julia, and the clever authoress of the "Journal," all sails for Europe by a recent packet, in the person of Mrs. Butler. She has certainly made a tolerable noise over here. What with her playing, scribbling, riding and marrying, she has been as much talked about as a comet! She came here aided with puffs and trumpets, with all the pomp and circumstance of a tragedy queen. From the silent manner of her departure, we fear there is a settled coolness between her and our republican public. She will now see "dear England" again! She will have horses that gallop with the proper foot foremost, shopkeepers that measure her linen and ribands in respectful silence, audiences that know when to applaud, and a government that will still be a government when she herself shall have disappeared from its smooth and equal operations. We trust the London editors will give her a wide birth, and that no gentleman paragraphist will dare to "dawdle" into her injured presence! Well, peace go with her! if she is not so good as we at first deemed her she is better, unquestionably, than she has the credit of being now. We first spoiled her, and then wondered that she was spoiled. For us, let us frankly confess, we were *fascinated* with her acting, and that our opinion yet remains unaltered. It is brilliant, well-taught, full of the blended charms of art and nature, startling, lofty, and *grand*. Should she return to the stage, for which she professes such an unbounded abhorrence, she will yet delight millions. As to her book—a first perusal threw us into a proper passion. We read it in a land far away; where, peradventure, with the wisest of her own countrymen, we beheld as much to regret in her country as she could find in ours. It threw us, we repeat, into a downright passion. Although an editor, we are not perfect! Since that period, we have re-crossed the ocean, and had time to reflect, and the result is, that we regard Mrs. Butler with much more philosophical indulgence. Her book is full of gross errors, both of fact and decency. But who is free from errors? We flattered her out of her young judgment, and should not be too severe upon the consequences. For our part, we say, in confidence, to the public—let us forgive. Her work was more criticised in England than here. Two whole nations, at once, at war upon a single person, and that person—a woman! Some of our ladies, perhaps, will bear malice, as they naturally may, for they are not (and we proclaim it to "both the worlds") such hoydens as they have been represented. Editors may take a parting shot at her; but they are used to abuse, and will forgive in her what they so plentifully deal in themselves. But there is one class who will never forgive—your *fantastic patriots*—your fellows who take the country under their personal keeping—who make it their favorite mastiff, with a "love-me love-my-dog" sort of feeling. These are men who would mount bales of cotton or molasses barrels in the street, to declaim to a crowd about our happiness and glory—who were going to beat the French with two companies of militia—who swear the New-York climate is as mild as Naples, and that the City Hall is as large as St. Peter's! We, Mrs. Butler—the sensible portion of the community—the reasoners—the—the—what Mrs. Trollope so aptly terms "the few"—*we* forgive you! You have most shamefully used our sisters and sweethearts; you have spoken unkindly of our horses; you have, in our editorial capacity, been most uncommonly free; and you have talked "out-and-out" against our *government*: which we like to hear no one condemn in such a thorough-going manner—except the "writers of our party." Yet, maugre all this long catalogue of offences, Mrs. Butler, we forgive thee. Nay, more, we wish thee fair and well. We acknowledge thy genius: we even like the fire and off-handedness of thy "Journal." We will read all thy statute-books; and if thou wert engaged to play this very night, at the Park theatre, we, in our own persons, would go and see thee, and uphold thee with our pen and tongue—and, marry come up! if needs must be, with our arm! In our mind, thy wild vagaries are but injuries against thyself, for which we are heartily sorry. We would well blot out some of those rampant pages of thy exuberant fancy; and much we wish we had been by thy side at the moment of thy surrendering those rash follies to thy publisher—how much could we have saved thee with a pen-full of ink! How many paragraphs, caricatures, slanders, insults, and witticisms, would we have crushed in the egg with a few easy marks! How much we should have battered thee and thy young fame with a whisper to pause—that is, if thou hadst listened to our whispers—and we religiously believe that thou wouldst. Yes, we forgive thee: we cannot hold anger long. But our friends, the patriots, will they forgive thee? Wilt thou ever stand before the world at large, as brightly as thou mightest, with thy double halo of fame, hadst thou but consented to deduct *some* thunder from thy Journal. Thou, who couldst not describe Niagara, how much less couldst thou a mighty nation, of which thy girlish eyes could but see the casual surface? Well, peace again go with thee! Thy queenly ancestor, for whom alone was half our love of thee, would have rebuked thy forward pen. Yet, as we said, we love thee well. Thou hast genius, goodness, virtue. Young as thou art, we know thou hast performed, for the soothing of thy own memories, more than one heroic action. We must not, in our own quarrel with thee, forget the good thou hast done, nor the excellence thou mayest yet attain—for verily thou hast learned a lesson. Thy youth is now gliding away. Thou hast sown thy wild oats with a vengeance. We will watch thy future course. We look for some redeeming measure hereafter, and we will speak of thee generously yet, if thou wilt but merit our praise.

GRAND STEEPLE CHASE MATCH.

The interesting Steeple Chase Match, between Mr. Anderson's Red Deer and Mr. Barring's Dorchester, came off on Saturday the 9th inst., in the neighborhood of Hayes. The terms of the match were for £100 a side, 25 ft.; the weights 31 st., and 12 st. 11lb.; Red Deer receiving the 3lb. The race to take place within 20 miles of London, over four miles of hunting country. T. Crommelin, Esq., at the request of both parties, kindly consented to act as umpire, and took upon himself the whole management of the line of country, which was admirably chosen—and, thanks to the powerful influence either of Mr. C.'s persuasive eloquence, or of the exhilarating and soul-stirring sport of Steeple chacing, the farmers were more than amiable. This, be it observed, is nothing remarkable in the instances of Messrs. Shakel and Buckland, over a great part of whose land the race went; they uniformly give their assistance to any sporting event: but that spirit seemed infused into the veins of all the others; by whatever motives they were actuated let us not seek to know, but be content to characterize them from this circumstance as good fellows. The jockies, Mr. Bean (of Red Deer,) Mr. Beecher (of Dorchester,) having weighed (at our friend's Mr. Footman, of Hayes,) proceeded to Rock's Heath, near Harrow, from which place they were to start, and the finish being between two flags at Pole Hill, half a mile to the right of Hayes; the line was marked out by flags. After considerable delay, in consequence of the morning having been frosty, with a heavy fog, they started; first trotting, and then at a steady pace, being unable from the fog to distinguish the flags. Mr. Bean could not make the strong running it appears he intended, or "had orders" to do, having once or twice in the first two miles had occasion to ask "in which direction is the next flag?" but he continued leading, Mr. Beecher waiting on him, and to appearance without looking out for a flag. After having gone two miles the pace improved; but the day was such that Bean's quickness, over a country to his point (for which his riding is so remarkable) could not avail him—nor did the character of the fencing afford him a single opportunity of showing his superior tact. At the last brook, about a mile from home, the pace became severe, Red Deer cutting out the work; Dorchester lying well up; and until within the last half mile each horse was running so strong, that it was impossible to calculate upon what the result would be; but as they got nearer home, although Red Deer was only a short distance in advance, it was evident to all who understood those things, that had the day been such that Red Deer could have been "made use of" earlier in the race, he would have won further than he did, the other having shown that the pace distressed him more than a field from home. Mr. Bean's style of riding brought forth bursts of admiration from those who were assembled at and near the finish, and great credit is due to Mr. Beecher for bringing Dorchester as forward as he did IN SUCH COMPANY. [Bell's Life.

The Belvoir hounds met in Bolton Park on Friday week. It was a brilliant spectacle: there were multitudes of pedestrians, who were most liberally supplied with old English cheer; hundreds of horsemen, mounted on steeds such as few countries can boast; and a very distinguished circle of Nobility and Gentry. At eleven, preparations began for the chace. The ladies occupied a barouche and four, with the exception of Lady S. Cust, who was mounted "a cheval." When the illustrious hero of Waterloo descended the steps leading from the mansion, and mounted his grey hunter, the air was rent with aclamations, which were again and again reiterated; indeed, the general bearing towards his Grace was strongly expressive of the reverential estimation in which he is so deservedly held. A fox was soon after found within the confines of the Park, which went away in an easterly direction, towards Ancaster, but returned after a run of twenty minutes, when, after a chace of half an hour in the Park, he was lost. The Duke of Wellington kept up with the hounds throughout the day, and rode with his accustomed boldness. Prince George was not in the field, on account of a slight indisposition. A grand entertainment was given by the Earl and Countess on the same evening. [Bell.

On Wednesday night there was a petite theatrical performance at Burghley-house, Stamford, in which the principal characters were sustained by Lord Burghley, Lord Brownlow Cecil, and Lady Mary Cecil, the young family of the Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter. The other performers were Mr., Miss C., and Miss M. Boyle, Mr. Bentinck, and Mr. O'Brien. Several guests were invited, and the business of the night passed off with *eclat*.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

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NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 12, 1836.

Sayings and Doings at Washington.

An unknown correspondent has written us two long letters, descriptive of Life in Washington, from which we have made the following synopsis. He says Washington is very gay, and speaks of the recent Ball at "the White House," as a very magnificent affair. He says a great many handsome things of the President, not forgetting his *chef d' cuisine*, and his cellar of rare old wines.—Then he compliments the ladies that were in attendance;—says they appeared in brocades, the legacies of departed grandmothers, and flirted and chatted by turns with their beaux, thereby endangering the hearts of both, and increasing the solicitude or favoring the designs of certain scheming mothers to a sensible degree.

From the President's Ball, our correspondent drops in at the theatre to see Booth and, naturally enough, the foot of a fair demoiselle, whom he describes as equally at home in tragedy or comedy, and after lauding Madames Rogers, Hughes and McKensie, says of the second lady that her foot is "loveliest of remembered things." Never having enjoyed the felicity of seeing the "dear little foot" alluded to, we shall not dispute the point, but when our Correspondent goes on to say that it is "small as a fairy's, or a moon lit leaf listening the wind-harp's song," we beg publicly to express our private opinion that the gallant old veteran's wine was evidently not without its effect on our gay Lothario's excited imagination.

After discussing the pretty chorus singers, giving the manager a hard hit, and saying all sorts of things of an all sorts of a company, our correspondent flares up in a paragraph or two on the prospects of the next Turf campaign in the District. He says Capt. OLIVER, "the enterprising proprietor of our Epsom," has just arrived with three 3 yrs. olds, and *Donna Maria*, a known good one—and with a knowing trainer and a fine stable, will take the field in force. He asks which is to win the $10,000 stakes? Old Hickory's pet Bolivar filly, out of the dam of Busiris, Col. Corbin's Sir Charles colt, out of Star's dam, (started too by another "Napoleon,") or some other of less Patrician blood in our democratic land? The General's pet is to be seen every fair day in "the Palace Yard;" *the party* must back her against the *Whig*—a colt in training by Col. Johnson for the great stakes. The blunt will be offered freely, and the race a world to see. Such a meeting of Turfites, Senators, Cabinet Councillors, Congressmen, Foreign Ministers, Officers, Editors, Office Holders and Seekers, to say nothing of the fine women and fine horses, has never "shown" on an American race course, as this will undoubtedly prove.

The gallant Nimrods of the "Washington Hunt" furnish the next theme for remark, though their doings are done up by Messrs. Snow, Slush, Mud & Co. The members are almost in despair, lest their bright scarlet toggery should fade or their thorough-bred pack "forget its cunning." Dashing riders with steeds that know no let up, over a country where, as "Nimrod" says, "*'tis the pace that kills*," have come from afar to join the pleasures of the Hunt, but mother Earth is bedewed with moisture, as if in tears for the absence in Florida of many choice "spirits of the time," who claim a membership.

This is about the sum and substance of our new correspondent's letters, which for want of room we have been obliged to curtail of their fair proportions. Will he let us hear from him again with such information as he may glean of the sporting world in general, and the fashionable in particular.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.—By the arrival on Wednesday of the packet ship *North America*, Capt. Dixey, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 5th February, the EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES received copious files of papers, the Magazines of the current month, and letters from his London and Liverpool Correspondents. The letters with copious selections from the former will be found interspersed through our columns to-day. On the 26th page the reader will find letters from our European Correspondents, received by the *Orpheus*, which were anticipated from her having put back to Liverpool, thereby missing her regular day of sailing.

ARGYLE AND ROWTON IN DANGER!—A paragraph in the Columbia (S. C.) Telescope, caught our eye the other day, and before we read it quite through were "pretty considerably struck up," at the prospect of losing the southern champion. It seems the marching from Columbia of the gallant volunteers for Florida gave birth to a striking trait of patriotic zeal. The Telescope remarks,

"When the Brigadier General came over to direct that the corps should change its organization, and become a mounted one, many difficulties ensued, on the part of a number of the men who could not at once provide themselves with horses: and it was feared that the company would be broken up. But our gallant fellow citizen, Col. WADE HAMPTON came forward with his characteristic public spirit, and pledged himself, that the number of horses should be furnished within 24 hours; and that he would himself supply 20 at once, and more if necessary.—This is employing a noble fortune in a noble manner.

The Colonel's racing stock of course were not included in this generous proffer; the Volunteers required horses for service, not to run away. However, that chivalrous officer MAJ. GEN. SCOTT, mounted on Argyle, would have drawn forth as much admiration as Alexander, when he first backed the fiery Bucephalus.

The requisition to the Lord Mayor of London, to call a meeting of the citizens of that metropolis on the subject of the recent conflagration in New York, was written by GEORGE JONES, late of the Bowery. Jones exerted himself in procuring signatures, and in a very short time had upon his last many of the most respectable and influential bankers, merchants, etc. in London. The Lord Mayor was further desired to preside at the meeting, and showed the utmost alacrity in answering the call upon him. The meeting was to be held immediately Parliament was opened. Really Jones deserves great credit for the zeal he has manifested in the cause of the sufferers by the fire; the circumstance will not be forgotten.

A ROUND TURN.—A strange instance of the versatility of fortune happened at Washington a day or two since. An aged gentleman, who has for some years struggled with fortune in its most appalling aspect, was awakened on Sunday morning last with the news that he was the fortunate holder of the Lottery ticket that had drawn the prize of $25,000. With an ingratitude, which in human nature is almost without precedent, he has declined any further commerce with Dame Fortune—has formed a determination to dabble no more in Lotteries, and acting upon a principle, in that city "more honored in the breach than the observance" has paid off all his debts, and stands among his creditors "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled."

The "MYSTERIOUS LADY" (Mrs. Hannington,) is at Mobile. Those who attended her exhibition here will remember her husband's Siberian wolf-dog. "*Beaver*" a most beautiful animal, for which an Editor in Wall-st. offered $80, and an eminent Turfman was refused $100. He is to be raffled for, at $10 per share, in Mobile. There are twenty-five shares.

NOT BAD.—A master tailor tells us that, in one year he paid one Journeyman $1,498 for work. *Yet better*—another master avers that, in forty-five weeks he paid one Journeyman $1,945. We had better all turn tailors.

The above is from the Star. Had it come from almost any other source down town, we could have added that so far as *cutting out* went, they knew the trade pretty well already.

☞ The New Yorkers have been quite sure that the Vase, which the Morning Post announced as being made here some time ago for a "professional lady," was intended for none other than the "charming Amina," but they were mistaken. Mrs. Wood received her vase from her Boston friends long since. The vase spoken of by the Post, was made for the "charming little Mrs. SMITH" of the Tremont Theatre, as a token of the estimation which she enjoys not as actress only, but as a wife and a mother of exemplary domestic virtue. It is of very elegant workmanship, and was presented to her yesterday at her residence, without any formal ceremony, by a committee of the subscribers.

[Bost. Eve. Transcript.

"Well, now, I do declare!" This bangs Banagher, and the Transcript knows who Banagher bangs. All we have to say, is that "the charming Amina" *shall* have one, that's flat. So the pretty little SMITH got the Vase, did she? "Now, what'll Mrs. Grundy say?"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Glencoe after the present season comes to this country; the Tattersalls expressly state this in their English advertisements. Who knows but *Plenipo* or the *Queen of Trumps* may follow.

JOHN REEVE, the fat genius of low comedy, was born in 1799, on Ludgate Hill, and *paid* for the privilege of making his debut, as a waiter, at a private theatre.

The names of the high contracting parties about to perpetrate matrimony, at one of the principal Southern theatres, may be found on reference to our list of those who are sitting to CORINTHIAN TOM for their portraits!

CHARLES KEMBLE, the father of "my daughter Fanny," was "sent into this breathing world" on the 26th of Nov., 1775, at Brecknock, in Wales. *In* course, the old sinner is sixty-one years old this grass.

An "Old subscriber," at Columbus, Ohio, writes:—"The enclosed $15 is the only apology I can offer for requesting you to send the Spirit of the Times to the three gentlemen named below." We *accept* the "apology," and beg leave to pocket the affront.

Our Washington Correspondent may well be surprised at the abrupt terminnation of his letter, (on the 29th page). After being about half set up, the copy got misplaced, and was not found until too late to "apply the remedy."

"Publicola" writes that Goward has a deal of the real stuff in him if it could only be drawn out. His friends had better *blister* him; if that won't *draw* him out, let him hang himself, and we'll write his epitaph in the *pen*-serian measure, beginning—"A line of lengthened humbug long drawn out."

Large sums are depending, we hear, in a sporting circle, on the fact, whether or no *Black Maria* and *Alice Grey* ever started alone for a four-mile purse on Long Island? They *did* run for the usual purse the second Fall meeting, Nov. 1834, though we are not aware that a report of the race (won by Alice Grey), ever found its way into a Racing Calendar.

Twice 2 makes 4. The City Hall and St. Paul's clock strike 2:—what o'clock is it?

☞ SINGLE COPIES of THE NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, may be had every Saturday afternoon of the day of publication, at Mr. MCMAKIN'S NORTHERN LIBERTIES' NEWS ROOM, North-Third street, *Philadelphia*.

Salmagundi.

From Foreign Papers received at the Office of the Spirit of the Times.

Accounts from Rome state that the Pope is suffering from a polypus in his nose. It is said to have been brought on by excessive study of the learned *Smell*-fungus' Treatise on *Conk*ology.

The Whigs refused the appointment of Mr. Whittle Harvey to the office of Unsalaried Commissioner, we understand, "out of charity." They considered him too clever a fellow to undertake the duties of the situation without payment.

The Duke of St. Albans, we are sorry to hear, has had an attack of the small pox. It is well it is no worse, as the Dutchess says.

Dr. Wade declared the other evening in the gallery of Covent-garden that "he would be satisfied with merely a *tithe* of Mr. Osbaldiston's *Modus*." Feargus O'Connor, who had managed to muster an admission amongst the divinities, was audibly heard to cry "bravo."

The hero of Navarino (jure *de vino*) proved himself the other evening at the naval fete at Brighton a victor of the first rank. He stood out of *Port* and took *Madeira* without any damage. It was even whispered by Sir Davidge that he also took a *Pique* at *Teneriffe*.

Mrs. Norton declares nobody shall enter her literary boudoir unless he is *author-eyesed*. She is right.

The Horse Marine declared the other day, looking as queer as the last stage of the cholera, that he had read the *Blue* Book, the *Red* Book, the *Green* Book, and the *Black* Book, to cheer him up—but all to no effect. "Try all the *Hue* and Cry then," said a sympathising *ami*, with an arch cock of the sinister ogle.

"Lord L.'s head is quite a *study*," remarked a member of the Athenæum, referring to the finely developed knowledge-box of one of the cleverest men in England. "No wonder! (replied Mephistophiles) and there are few that contain so much *reading* let me tell you."

At the sale of the late William Cobbett's effects at Ash, near Farnham, Surrey, a box was brought forward which, on being opened, was found to contain human bones; and a coffin plate was also exhibited bearing the name of Thomas Paine. Mr. Piggott, the auctioneer, refused to *put up* these relics of humanity, as a "lot" of the people might be disposed to *knock him down* for the act. As it was, no one appeared to take "Paines" to bid or offer even a *bonus*, for the bones and the skeleton remains of the infidel were returned to their wooden receptacle.

The Lord Mayor, hearing that a *fire* had broken out at the "Fountain," Greenwich, declared in the most emphatic manner "it was all a lie." "Fire in a fountain! (said his Lordship, resolutely knocking the dust out of 45 vols. of the Statutes at Large,) all a humbug—just as soon believe there was a fire in a *water*-butt!" Fogg, the marshalman, was obliged to be led out of the Justice Room in convulsions.

It being Bissextile, or *Leap* Year, the ladies mean to exercise their ancient privilege of proposing. Of course the gentlemen, in compliment to the period above described, will *jump* at every eligible offer.

A question for pedigree-mongers, humbly submitted for consideration by Michael Scales, Alderman of the No Mistake Ward:—"If your mother's mother was my mother's sister's aunt, what relation would your great-grandfather's uncle's nephew be to my elder brother's first-cousin's son-in-law?"

Mr. Ruthven finding himself turned out of the Kildare Club, and cut by every gentleman on the Turf, has determined to reciprocate. No doubt. "Turf-cutting" is the most congenial employment he could take to.

One *Bible*, it appears by the papers, has gone out in the Royal Tar to Santander, to join as volunteer Evans's artillery. Mr. Gully offers ten to one another is not found in the legion.

Here in Paris the *Procès Monstre* has been wound up, and Louis Philippe's deadly feeling of revenge gratified on a hundred victims. In a little month, Fieschi, Pepin, and Morey, will be no more—or rather, they will not be so much, by a head each; but will Louis Philippe be the safer for it? He thinks not himself. When complimented by Guizot on his escape from the Fieschi attempt, and the certainty that no other would be made—"Ah, mon ami!" said the excellent chief of the best of republics, "Henri Quatre escaped three-and-twenty attempts to assassinate him, but, as my friend Bulwer has it, was *done* by the twenty-fourth."

Apropos—Grisi has become so much *engraissee*, that she has retired until a crisis in her affairs shall have passed. It usually arrives at the end of nine months with civilians, but with opera singers there may be made an allowance of 24 or 36 hours *en plus*. Old Lablache says that a squaller more in the family is very desirable. [Paris Correspondence of the London Age.

O'GORMAN MAHON was brought up before the Court of King's Bench this last week, to receive judgment for having effectually stopped Mr. WIGLEY'S *jaw* some time ago—i. e. for having served the said jaw perfectly right. He was ordered to find two sureties to keep the peace. The O'GORMAN was right—he is a fine high-spirited fellow (though we dislike his politics,) and feels like one.

The Marquis Wellesley is engaged writing the "History of the Administration in the East Indies." We understand his amours at Foozleabad will form the most interesting chapter in the volume.

The "Oxford Accoucheur," who left one *Belle* to study under another, is currently reported to have brought out the "*Earl*-y Editions of the *Harle*-ian Miscellanies."

Mr. Hume wishes it to be clearly understood that if he *is* to be called a goose, that the term "Solon" is the proper prefix to the title.

It is whispered in the Courts that although the Whigs have made Jock's wife a Lady, it is not the first time they have found it difficult to make anything of Jock himself. By the way, giving "contingent remainder" to a *Barreness* causes some fun amongst the long robes.

"The Bard of Hope" boasts he was made *much of* at Algiers. One thing is certain—he was not made *moor* of.

A member of the Athenæum hearing of Liston Wiggett Bulwer's being often troubled with a bowel complaint, observed, "he had heard of his character as one of the *literati*, but for the future should consider him only entitled to rank amongst the *ill-literati*."

Abdi Bey, the Chief Jester of Sultan Mahmoud, is, we are informed by the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, defunct. The deceased Joker-General of the Seraglio was, it is stated, a walking Turkish Joe Miller—a fellow of infinite mirth, and a great favorite with his Royal master, who is inconsolable for his loss. We understand that Messrs. Theodore Hook and Samuel Rogers had interviews respectively with Nourri Bey, the Grand Seignor's Representative over here, on Monday last. Is it possible that they are rival candidates for the vacant berth? They certainly are the most eminent professers of the "bosh lakirdi" in Europe.

Tom Campbell, the other day, at the Zoological Gardens, for want of better employment, set about abusing in choice Billingsgate a Russian bear, who was snoozing in his pit, considering the animal an impersonation of the Autocrat. "D—n him, (at last cried the indignant Tom) he seems to take no notice of me—is there no way of rousing the brute?" "Suppose you try and stir him up with a *Pole*," suggested a bystander. Tom took the hint, and brought his friend, Count Owskiscowskiwowskipowski, from his back garret in Somerstown, instantly.

Baron de Rothschild's daughter is about to be united to her cousin, Mr. N. de Rothschild. Unquestionably a *Jew*-dicious alliance.

A gentleman expatiated on the justice and propriety of an hereditary nobility. Is it not right said he in order to hand down to posterity the virtues of those men who have been eminent for their services to the country, that their posterity should enjoy the honors conferred on them as a reward for such services! By the same rule, said a lady, "If a man is hanged for his misdeeds, all his posterity should be hanged too."

A duel was fought at New Orleans on the 2d ult. between Frimbley, the imitator of the postures of celebrated statues, and Spencer, an actor connected with Caldwell's Theatre. Frimbley was shot through both thighs, at the first fire, and is since dead. Mrs. Frimbley was the cause of the duel.

THE STING IN THE TAIL.—Appropriately enough, the President's speech ends with the word *demand*. Like the wasp, the sting is in its tail. Sam Rogers says it is a very *dollar*-ous harangue.

PORTRAIT OF BLACK AND HIS BUFFER "CATO."—We perceive over the Leader in the *Chronicle* of Tuesday, an advertisement of the publication of "John Black, Esq, Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, done in the line manner." We are anxious to give extended circulation to the fact that our friend "Jock" has had his mug taken; but we beg to fill up the *hiatus* in the advertisement, which nothing but his modesty, we are confident, could have created. Another portrait also exists—that of Jock's dog, "Cato;" and the engraving, instead of the line, is *done* in the penny-a-line manner. Black and his Buffer will, we have no doubt command a terrific sale.

THE FANCY.—The Fancy have experienced during the week a severe disappointment—the grand match for a "million" that was expected to take place between old Hickory, the Beadle of Washington, and French Phil, the Miser, has turned out "no go;" Mounseer having "stowed his jaw," cut his bounce, and forfeited his stakes. He was always thought a cur, and now has proved himself one, and "no mistake." The bets were high on the Beadle, whose fighting qualities are well known. Young Nick, the Mus-covey, wishes us to say he is open to fight any one wot fancies the job for a "Turkey" in the East. His address is at the Hop-Poles, Warsaw.

An English gentleman now in Rome, has written to a friend in Paris, that the present Pope is as like John Reeve as "one drop of water is to another."

ANOTHER INFERNAL PLOT.—Another plot, a second infernal machine, or intended *coup de pistolet*, was said to have been discovered the day Louis Philippe opened the Chambers. Lord Granville hinting his hopes that there would be nothing to mar the Royal progress, expressed his intention of joining the *cortege*, at the Quai D'Orsay. Louis Philippe interrupted the moping mediator, saying, "he did not intend to take that *route*." "Indeed!" said G. "No," replied the Citizen King, "I'll be shot if I do, and that's flat." So he went another road to bother the infernal plotters.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan get 5,000*l.* a year by the death of Sir C. Grant. The remaining portion of his fortune is left away from them during their lifetime (in consequence of the elopement,) but it is to go to their children.

In the very warm weather a gentleman observed to a friend, who paid him a morning visit, "It is so hot that one is quite melted."—"True," said his friend, "so that in paying you a visit, I have literally *dropped* in."

In the neighborhood of Kingstown, Ireland, a young couple were married the other day, and after the ceremony the bridegroom, in lieu of opening his purse-strings to pay the usual dues to the clergyman, made a brief bow, and hoped his reverence would be pleased to give him and "Judy" a shilling to procure breakfast with.

An anxious and faithful father had been lecturing and counseling a dissolute and incorrigible son. After a most pathetic appeal to his feelings, discovering no signs of contrition. "What!" exclaimed the father, "not one relenting emotion, not one penitent tear?" "Ah father," replied the hardened son, "you may as well leave off *boring* me, you will obtain no water I can assure you."

AN IRISH ARGUMENT.—At the Dublin Commission Court, on Monday, a man named Patrick Moore was found guilty of killing his wife, in a drunken quarrel, by striking her on the head with a stick. One of the witnesses for the prosecution named Mary Hall, said that the 'argument' had not begun when she entered the room.

Mrs. Almond, late Miss Romer, is engaged at "the cheap and nasty" shop, (Covent Garden). She will appear in a new Opera, the music of which has been selected from Weber's operas of *Preciosa* and *Euryanthe*. We hear she is to receive £25 per week; more than she is worth by at least one half.

UNWELCOME VISITER.—A gentleman whose attendance at a library where he was not a subscriber had grown more frequent than his company was acceptable, the regular visiters had many debates whether to give him a public notice or suffer him to remain. An old crusty gentleman going into the library one day, soon settled business; perceiving not only the disagreeable visiter but a large mastiff belonging to him, taking up the whole of the fire place, he gave the latter a smart kick, which made him raise a hideous yell, exclaiming in a broad accent, "Come, sir, *you* are no subscriber, ar any rate." The gentleman followed his dog out of the room, and never more annoyed the subscribers by his presence.

Johnson having expressed a decided opinion against suicide, Mr. Boswell said, "suppose a man is absolutely sure, that if he lives a few days longer, he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which would be, utter disgrace and expulsion from society." "Then," said Johnson, "let him go to some place where he is not known; don't let him go to the devil, where he is known."

We continue gay. Thiers gave what Bulwer calls a hop and a spread on Monday night on a large scale, and entertained his guests amazingly by his laughable attempts to do manners. *N'importe*, he has done other things more truly admirable. From being a paragraph scribbler at 3 sous a line, he has arrived at the head of a fortune of 5 millions of francs. [Letter from Paris.

A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, who, "in the battle of knives and forks," accidentally cut his mouth, which was observed by a Yankee joker, sitting near by, who bawled out, "I say, friend don't make that are hole in your countenance any larger for God's sake, for the rest on us will starve to death."

ADVANTAGE OF A WET BLANKET.—At the Kingsgate-street County Court, on Tuesday, a venerable old lady, named Tabitha Josias, summoned a stout Radical-looking little fellow, named Millar, for 1*l.* 4*s.*, for three weeks attendance as midwife and nurse to Mrs. Millar. Mr. Millar said, that in consequence of the excellant recommendation he had given him of Mrs. Josias, he had engaged her on the above terms, exclusive of the best eating and drinking, on Christmas-day, and the next day his wife was brought to bed of four children, who did very well for a few days, until Mrs. Josias wrapped up the little family in a wet blanket. when they were all laid up with a stranguary, whereof three died, and only one son now survives to console the mother and realize his fond anticipations. The plaintiff assured the court that she had had too much experience to do such a thing: the blanket was not wet, and the children died because there was hardly life enough for one amongst the four. The evidence of a cotemporary was also given to show that Mrs. Josias had endeavored to make the blanket and everything else as comfortable as possible. The Court concurred with the ladies, and Mr. Millar was ordered to pay the plaintiff.

A celebrated poacher, who had emigrated to America, being met in his new country by a person who knew his propensity in the old, was congratulated on being able to pursue it with impunity; to which he replied, "If you will believe me, I scarcely ever think about it, for there is nobody here that seeks to hinder us."

"Ossy" (as Miss Vincent calls the Lessee of Covent Garden Theatre) has had a flare-up or two lately, both privately and publicly; and although we are well aware of the Adelphi scene, the arrival from France, and matters going on in the Court of Chancery, we shall pass them by, and confine ourselves for the present strictly to his public display. Knowles appeared at the principal minor theatre (Covent Garden,) on Monday. We wish his new play had appeared instead. A writer like Knowles has no business to act; the non-effect of one mars the sublimity of the other endowment. As far as we could hear, from the perpetual cracking of nuts, opening of "pop," and swilling of ginger-beer, GOING ON IN THE DRESS CIRCLE, we do not perceive any immediate alteration in Mr. Knowles' delivery, and none whatever is visible in his general style. He can do nothing that does not bear the stamp of a great genius; but we would much rather its display were limited to the production of another of those fine emanations which have already placed his name on the summit of fame as a British Dramatist.

In the hurry of my last, I forgot doing justice to another swell ball—that given by a Yankee, who, because he had been a purser of a frigate, styles himself Colonel. The personage I allude to (who rejoices in the name of THORNE) drives as the newspapers will inform you, two fours in hand, and two chariots of two horses *en suite*, that is, like the four-and-twenty aldermen, all in a row. He rents of Madame Adelaide, Louis Philippe's sister, a palace in the Rue Varennes. On Tuesday night, 12th inst. "the Colonel" opened his house *à tout le monde*, and, notwithstanding that their lofty noses were tossed at his pretensions, and all that sort of thing, many of the dowagers, his neighbors of the noble Faubourg, and a few of the English, and all the Yankee noblesse of Maryland, Virginia, and Tennessee, and all the young men and women who would go any where for a jig or for fun, did "the Colonel" (the word Colonel will soon be as common as the commonest word) and his wife (Chauncey's daughter) the honour to dance, eat, drink, and be merry at their expense. Oh, curious, curious! as old *Cockle-top* has it; how strong those republicans are coming it in the aristocracy line! only imagine a Yankee Republican ex-purser, setting out for a morning's drive with two carriages and four, and two carriages of a pair, and a suitable retinue, including two chasseurs, each more expensively togged than a Marshal of France. [Letter from Paris in the London Age.

MISS MARTINEAU'S LAST LETTER.

Washington, Dec. 1835.

MY DEAR GRANTLY,—You will perceive by the following newspaper report that Jonathan has proved himself a "galant uomo" of far greater pretensions than John Bull. Congress have by their vote set apart the circular gallery for the reception of the ladies. This is as it ought to be. I hope, my dear G., you will go it at the Collective Wisdom next Session upon this point. Depend upon it there is nothing like badgering the 658 scoundrels, as my friend O'Connell called them. How is my dear friend Lord S.? Delightful hours those I used to spend at his Castle of Comus. What capital champaigne he has in his *cave*. Any of the Tokay left? It was a tipple fit for cherubims. Brandy over here is very queer, and the rum is *rummer*. Don't forget to pitch in to the Parliament about the women's seats. *Tout a votre*, HARRIET M.

NEWS FOR THE TORIES.—It is a well-known fact, that since the introduction of Rowland's Maccassar oil, celebrated for restoring hair, on bald pates, the *Wigs* have materially decreased.

MISS MARTINEAU IN YANKEE LAND—THE ANTI-PROPAGATRIX.—Miss Martineau has been astonishing the *na-tives* at Boston, in the United States, which she is on a visit to, notwithstanding her aversion to the *united state*. Unfearing the Lynch law and being most valorous against tarring and feathering, she has progressed as an Abolitionist, she says, through the South States. Her escape tells well for their gallantry, "I guess." She expressed herself somewhat disappointed at not having been —— we forget the word; It occurs, however, in the early history of Rome, when ROMULUS found his youngsters in wives; and seemed desirous to enforce upon her female auditors the pleasure of going *a-Miss*.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—*Is she a Woman?* and a new piece called *The Twins*, are beyond question, two good burlettas with very odd titles, particularly where a lady governs. That Mrs. Nisbett is a woman, and a very pretty one, we never doubted; but if such doubt existed in the minds of others, the question must now be set at rest, the manageress having produced *Twins*.

JONATHAN CUTTING IN FAT.—From the Paris *Messager* of Jan. 20:—"The attention of the numerous promenaders in the Champs Élysees, on Sunday last, was irresistibly attracted by the equipages and the brilliant suite of an American, M. Thorn, who has resided some time at Paris, in an hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. M. Thorn exhibited himself with two carriages with four horses each, two others with a pair each, and followed by a great number of out-riders. There is scarcely any one but the *Duke* of Pembroke in England who can rival M. Thorn!"

AMUSING EXERCISE.—We perceive a fellow is advertising a work entitled "Exercises for Ladies," in which he sets himself up as the proper teacher of how they ought to walk, ride, dance, &c. Amongst other points he enumerates in his course of instructions the "art of lying in bed!" Where the deuce did the fellow find out this secret? [London Age.

The Borough of Pontefract, rejoices in being represented by the most *striking* character of the day, Mr. GULLY.

THE QUEEN OF NAPLES A LA LADY RANDOLPH.—The Naples Official Gazette is not so proper in its phraseology as *Lady Randolph* in *Douglas*, when she describes herself as having been "as ladies wish to be," &c.—for it blurts out most plainly the fact of the QUEEN being in a "state of domestic solicitude," as the expression now is. This rather bothers Prince Leopold's chance of winning Papa Louis Philippe's consent to his marrying his daughter.

THE GRAPES ARE SOUR!—Lord John Russell, we are told, has received a flattering invitation to stand for South Lancashire in the event of a new General Election. His Lordship, however, declines the *honour* of standing, there being no mention made of being *returned*.

HIBERNIAN PUFF.—The following puff in the *Times* most certainly was penned by an Hibernian genius:—"Those who wish to have a correct view of the City of New York *as it was* before the fire, should read a publication called 'New York *as it is*.'" In what Province was this chap caught? [London Age.

THE RUSSELL CUT.—We are sorry to hear that a person of the name of John Russell lately attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat. Immediately on hearing the account, we hurried off to the Home Office, and were relieved of our apprehensions by the information that the intended suicide was not our little friend, the rejected of Devonshire, but a comic character well known at the East End of the Town. We hear that his Lordship has been making preparations for *cutting his stick*, but nothing else.

WHAT IS A RADICAL?—A capital definition of a radical was given the other day by a jolly tar, which is very short, very graphic, and very exact. He had just come off a long voyage, and was asked by the Minister of a chapel at Portsmouth, who had known him for some years, "How did you like the voyage? had you pleasant shipmates?" "Yes (was the reply); all but one, who was a Radical." "A Radical! What does that mean on board of a ship?" "Why a man that gets drunk, swears, kicks up a row, ridicules religion, and finds fault with every body but himself."

"Aweel, (said Glenelg the other day to Palmerston, when quitting the Pavilion,) gude troth, naething surpasses *occular demonstration* wi' Royalty." "True! (said Pal, with a glance at Glenelg of ineffable significance,) his Majesty can make any-*thing* a-Peer easy enough." The ejected faggot of Inverness took the opportunity to sneeze.

Pursuant to an order received from the King, a person of the name of Samuel Phillipps, Hull, a hatter, has manufactured a splendid castor to cover the august head of England's King. The following lines were humbly sent with the article:

Accept, my gracious liege, this loyal tile,
It comes from one who scorns to vilely flatter;
Long may it *guard the crown* of him who rules this isle,
And joy the heart of Samuel Phillipps, hatter.

The members of the Warwickshire Hunt Club gave a grand entertainment to nearly four hundred of the Haut Ton, on Tuesday last, at the Shakspeare Hotel, Hertford-upon-Avon. The dresses were superb, and dancing commenced at ten o'clock.

An industrious and hard-working individual, named Dean, following the occupation of a carpet-weaver, at Leeds, and who has been struggling with Dame Fortune for a number of years to support his family, within the last week came into possession of nearly 10,000*l*. by the death of a relation in London.

GRAVES OF GENIUS.—Mrs. Jordan sleeps at St. Cloud. Astleys, (father and son) in the Cemetry of Pere la Chaise; John Edwin (the Liston and Matthews combined of his day) at Saint Paul's, Covent-garden; Kemble, (John) Lausanne; Suett in the ground of St. Paul's Cathedral; Kean, without a stone to mark the spot, in Richmond church-yard; Elliston in St. John's, Waterloo-road: old Johanna at Bathwick (old) church-yard; Macklin lies under the chancel of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, in which church-yard his once boon companion Tom King rests; Tom D'Urfey in St. James's, facing the gate, in Jermyn-street; Joe Miller in the ground in Portugal-street; John Palmer (*the Joseph Surface*) at Wooton, near Liverpool: Quin, at the Abbey Church, Bath; Wiles, near Machin, not far from the grave of Wycherly, in the Church of St. Paul, (Covent-garden) where, nearly a century and a half since, Joe Haynes was consigned to earth. New Monthly Magazine.

THE WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN, in verse and prose, with 'A Life' by *Rev. John Mitford*. In 2 vols. GEORGE DEARBORN, NEW YORK.

These volumes belong to Mr. Dearborn's Library of Standard Literature, now publishing, and form the 16th and 17th volumes of the series. Each work in the series however, can be had separately if desirable. The character of Mr. Dearborn's republications are such that little is left for newspaper critics to remark upon, save the mechanical execution of the volumes. Neither the world nor our readers need to be enlightened as to the merits of Dryden, Shakspeare, or Byron; yet such are the authors whose works compose the Library thus far.

But we can, without any violation of our modesty, speak of the "getting up" of all Mr. Dearborn's works; and the epithet which best expresses our ideas on this point is *superb*. All Dearborn's books are *superb* in their appearance, from paper and type, to illustrations and binding. They are the most English-looking books published in America; and a Yankee gentleman who allows his taste for literature so much license as to delight in the splendors of fine printing and paper, and binding, (and there is voluptuousness in such a title, good reader, though *we* say it) need no more send to Europe for fine editions of the Poets, but give Dearborn an order at once for his whole series. They will form nominally and *really* a Library of STANDARD LITERATURE. And then they are published about as often as a lazy man like ourself loves to review his old favorites. In fine, we regard Mr. Dearborn's publications as a positive honor to the country. His editions must be exceedingly expensive.—We hope they may be as profitable.

Mr. SCOTT gave a famous Exhibition, *a la Mathews*, at the City Hotel, on Wednesday evening. We were not so fortunate as to be present.

COLT'S PATENT REPEATING GUN.—We republished from a Washington paper, a few days since, a description of this neat and destructive weapon; and yesterday had an opportunity of examining it, together with a large and small pistol upon the same construction. The rifle fires ten and the pistols six balls in quick succession, and are so simple as to be readily understood. The inventor is in this city, and we understand, contemplates commencing the manufacture of these implements, on a large scale, at Patterson, N. J. under the patronage of a Company in New York. [Baltimore Chronicle.

RARE JOKE.—The Star, of last Tuesday, published the following extract from the Portsmouth Sun, of the 7th Sept. 1824.

"The Selectmen of Newburyport have fined Jim Ball, the obstreperous clamman, nine shillings for charging *ninepence* a bucket for his nostrums, under pretence that he could not afford them at *fourpence*, all the fat ones having struck off into deep water."

On Wednesday, the following notice appeared in the Comet:

"To the iditor of the Commet:

"i see in the Star of yesterday an infamous lible which i shall tel the truth on tomorrow in your paper. i never sold clams with thare eyes out, and i never wash em in sope suds nor ile of virtril. mi clams are all raal longnecked softsand blue clams and never one on um dare strike out into deep watur so help me tantra bogue as i shal comence a liable sule agin the Sun amediately. Wash clams with sope suds! jim ball isnt the man tu du that are. he never cleens um with nothin.

yours with bowels jim ball
clam operator & bivalvist."

The Star was thrown into an awful fix by this announcement, and did not shine for the next twenty-four hours. But when the Editor found that it was a regular built gag—a hoax got up to amuse the readers of the Comet—"my hies," how he did squint. Boston Transcript.

Sporting Intelligence.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

LIVERPOOL, Feb. 2, 1836.

The latest betting at Tattersall's is that of Thursday.

THE DERBY.—Brother to Nell Gwynne advances, and bets about him are freely taken. The Mummy also advances. Taishteer, Babel colt, and brother to Maria, have gone back a point. The bets on Thursday were:—

THE DERBY.

11 to 2 agst Lord Jersey's lot (offered)	25 to 1 agst Neva colt (taken)
10 to 1 —— Bro. to Nell Gwynne (taken freely)	25 to 1 —— Bro. to St. Giles
12 to 1 —— The Mummy (taken)	30 to 1 —— Whaley
15 to 1 —— Bro. to Maria	33 to 1 —— Bro. to Beiram (taken)
15 to 1 —— Babel Colt	33 to 1 —— Bro. to Bamfylde (taken)
20 to 1 —— Taishteer	33 to 1 —— The Captain
25 to 1 —— Bro. to Emilana	33 to 1 —— Weighton (taken)
	40 to 1 —— Gladiator (taken)

The brother to Nell Gwynne was backed for two hundred pounds, and two or three parties were anxious to get on upon the same terms, but could not succeed. The room was thinly attended and business flat.

Scott's horses have left their training-ground in the North for Newmarket, where they will arrive in the early part of the ensuing week. They consist of the following

DERBY HORSES:

Lord Chesterfield's Babel Colt, Lord Chesterfield's Weighton, Mr. Bowes's Brother to Maria, and Mr. W. Scott's Gladiator.

OAKS FILLIES:

Lord Wilton's Grenada (Bequest filly), Lord Chesterfield's filly by The Colonel, out of Miss Clifton; Lord Chesterfield's filly by Emilius, out of Rowton's dam; and Mr. W. Scott's Skilful.

FOUR-YEAR-OLDS, AND UPWARDS:

Lord Chesterfield's Glaucus, Lord Chesterfield's Hornsea, Mr. Bowes's Mundig, Mr. Ridsdale's Coriolanus, Mr. Ridsdale's Luck's All, and a colt by Velocipede, out of Revolution's dam.

Mr. Osbaldistone has sent three horses to the South—Bush, 5 yrs.; a brown colt, by Velocipede; and a grey filly, by Velocipede, 3 yrs.

In the country, there is little betting. For the Liverpool July Cup, it is—

10 to 1 agst Touchstone (taken)	15 to 1 agst Queen of Trumps.
10 to 1 —— General Chasse.	16 to 1 —— Mundig.

For the Chester Trade Cup, the chief bets are—

5 to 1 agst Red Rover (taken freely)	8 to 1 agst Jupiter
8 to 1 —— Usury (taken)	

There are other horses betted on (such as Altamont, Barbara Bell, the Stag, &c.), but these three are the favorites.

There has been talk of a grand steeple chase in the neighborhood of Liverpool. As this is *leap* year, it is fixed for the 29th February. There will be *two* prizes to contend for. The first will be a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 80 sovs. added from the fund, for horses of all denominations. Lord Molyneux, the umpire, will fix the ground—the distance not to exceed *five* miles. The ground said to be chosen has a fine variety, and the race-mile terminates at Aintree race-course. Some of the *crack* riders and best horses in the kingdom will be *in* for the sweepstakes. The second race will be for 5 sovs. each, and 20 added—run not to exceed three miles. The winner of the first prize is liable to be sold for 200 guineas—of the second, for 40. The subscription closes on the 11th of February.

The Scotch papers are full of accounts of the greatest private coursing match ever run in Scotland. The stake was 200 guineas a-side, contended for in the best of three runs, between Lord Eglinton's Scotch greyhound *Dusty Miller* and Mr. Benn's English greyhound *Eden*. The match rose out of the struggle for the last Glasgow Gold Cup, in which the English dog Eden was *last*. This run was at Eaglesham, and Mr. Benn and his friends, attributing the defeat of Eden to a *toothache* (!!!) offered to run him against any of the other five dogs which remained on the last day of running for the cup. Lord Eglintoon took the match. The trial runs took place near Moffat, and was attended by two hundred sportsmen. The Scotch dog won easily in two runs. The Scottish sportsmen are delighted with this success; but the English intend running them a fair race—eleven dogs a-side. *This* will be *the* trial.

The diplomatists at Madrid have lately had a rattling wolf-hunt among the mountains—the ridge near the source of the Manzanares, five miles from Madrid. The party included Mr. Villiers, the British Minister; the Count Lalaing, and M. dal Borgo, Charges d'Affaires, from Belgium and Denmark; the Marquis de Bassano, and M. Alphonze de Rayneval, Secretaries to the French Embassy; and a great many more. They were aided by the inhabitants of seven villages, who, for seven years, had been annoyed by the wolves, without the power of "sarving 'em out." Altogether, there was a goodly company of 1500. The wild animals were driven into the defiles, where the sportsmen were ready for them. Hundreds were killed—among them, nine immense wolves. The sportsmen then had a fine collation on the grass (albeit 'twas in January); after which, they all formed into procession to Cormenar Viejo (where the fiercest bulls are reared for the Madrid bull-fights), and then rode back to Madrid by moonlight.

The Surrey stag-hounds had a fine run after a hind last week, which extended to *thirty* miles!

Mr. Ruthven, whose *swindle* about horses on the Irish Turf I formerly stated, has received a notice from the Kildare-street Club (the Brookes's of Dublin), that if he did not resign, the committee must submit a motion for his expulsion. The *gentleman* took the hint!

Sparrow-shooting, for wagers, is getting common in England. Formerly, pigeon-shooting was the *ton*.

The pugilistic affair between Molyneux and Britton will come off on Tuesday week, within fifty miles of Liverpool. It is expected that the magistrates will prevent it—as they ought.

O'Connell paid his first public visit to Liverpool last Wednesday. He had changed horses once or twice in passing through, but no more—so this was his first public visit. He is now extremely popular here, with three-fourths of the inhabitants: the other one-fourth are Tories, and have leathern lungs, brazen throats, and Stentorian voices. Accordingly, it being expected that O'Connell would visit the Exchange News Room (the Committee had sent him word that if he did, he must make no speech there), the Tories, "wise in their generation," took care to crowd said large room with an assemblage of loud-voiced *gentlemen*. The moment O'Connell entered the room, some one quietly shut the door on him, and there he stood, with a very few friends within (he had thousands outside), and surrounded by hundreds of his most violent opponents. He did not quail—although well he might, for a paper had actually counselled that he should receive personal chastisement. He did not turn pale, but looked at the mob of well-dressed men with calmness and boldness. But at last arose the shouts—"Where's your begging-box?"—"Big beggarman!"—"Who takes the penny subscriptions from the poor people?"—"Three groans for the Agitator!"—"What did you do with Raphael's money?"—"Have you any more seats in Parliament for sale?" The tumult was immense; and at last (not without some difficulty), O'Connell escaped from the mass of his discourteous foes.

Nearly one thousand persons dined with him in the evening—or, more probably, he dined with them, he being their guest. The tickets were 5½ dollars a-piece, which included the *feed* and the tipple—the dinner and the wine. Hundreds dined there in public, who had never done so before. Many and many a man raised the price of *that* dinner at the risk of forfeiting his principal meals for the next week or fortnight.

One curious circumstance will show you what a miscellaneous company it was—composed of the wealthiest men and some of the "in very so-so circumstances." At the table at which I sat, there were some ten or twelve persons who evidently had seldom, if ever, been at such a dinner. The champaigne having been supplied to us, we were too well satisfied with it to think for a while of supplying the necessities of those at the table who were not in *our* mess. At last, wishing to do as I would be done by, I handed a bottle of champaigne to the person sitting next me.

"Perhaps, sir, you might like to try this?"

He took the bottle—held it in his hand, admiring its strange shape—turned it upside down—looked at it with a sort of wonder that *such* things could be—and finally, with a most disconsolate shake of the head, handed it to *his* right-hand neighbor. The bottle was handed round among the ten, and finally came back unopened to my new acquaintance. He paused for a minute, and then gently touched my elbow.

"Then, sir, *wud* you tell me how to open this, and what is it?"

This was spoken with a brogue so thick, that you could almost cut it with a knife.

"What is it?—don't you see 'tis a bottle!"

"Ah then, sir, don't be funning me: I *mane* what *is* it. You see 'tis *sailed* (sealed), and how to open it, I want."

I took a knife, cut the wire, and the cork flew out.

"Faith, it fizzes, any how!" said my new friend, and proceeded, with his best manner, to help the generous fluid to the other nine. One genius knowingly held up his glass between him and the gas-light, and observed with the air of a connoisseur, "Troth, 'tis mighty pale ale, it is; and I've met better and brisker in Dublin."

My neighbor just tasted his, and corrected the last speaker by the remark—"Be *aisy*, Tim: 'tisnt ale, at all at all, but mighty *wake* (weak) cider!"

They agreed, *nem. con.*, that it was but indifferent stuff, and returned to the discussion of their political question.

Soon after, thinking it a pity that good wine should be spoiled, I took the repudiated bottle (they had not dreamed of re-corking it), and having filled a glass for myself—which you may be sure I did not allow to grow *very* flat—asked my neighbor if I should pour out a glass for him. What was the reply of this discriminating gentleman? With the air of a man who thinks that he is shaking off a swindling request, he complacently replied, pushing aside the bubbling glass of what he thought was "mighty *wake* cider,"

"No, thank'ee, sir; all the same, but—*I prefer the wine!*"

The *New Sporting Magazine* is rapidly cutting out the elder work. The chief contributor to the Old Sporting was "Nimrod"—Mr. CHARLES APPERLEY, author of Jack Mytton's life, and now a leading writer in the *New* Sporting. Apperley wrote the sporting articles which, two or three years since, astonished the readers of the *Quarterly Review*. He has written on Hunting, Horses, &c., in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He has had a handsome fortune, but ran through it. Until lately, he found it convenient to live at Calais, on "suspicion of debt." He is *not* a highly-educated man, but always has the affectation of seeming so to be. Poor ambition, say I.

FEB. 3d.—The Packet did not sail yesterday; so I can add a sporting item or two.

The number of horses sent abroad in 1835, by Tattersall, may be stated thus;

	Mares.
To Mr. Lichtwald, Germany,	32
	Fillies and Horses.
— J. Kirkman, Esq., Florence, Ala.	4
— E. H. Boardman, Esq., Huntsville, Ala.	8
— The Duke of Holstein, Augustenberg	9
— H. Bland, Belgium	1
— Baron Biel, Germany	6
— Dr. A. T. B. Merritt, Hicksford, Virg.	10
— Wm J. Minor, Esq., Natchez, Miss.	6
— Mr. Seagee, Germany	3
— Mr. Spearman	4
— Mr. Fulgus, Denmark	1
— Mr. Spittals, Belgium	1
— Count Szechenyi	3
— Mr. Hart	12
— Mr. Palmer, Paris	3
— Captain Carr, Germany	1
— F. P. Corbin, Esq., Virginia	1
— F. B. Ogden, Esq., Am. Consul, Liverpool	1
— The French Government	8

Namely (including a few not particularised), 117 English horses, mares, foals, and fillies—racers—exported in 1835.

[Next week, we shall publish, "*officially*," from the Old London Sporting Magazine, a List of the Horses sent abroad in 1835, by Messrs. Tattersall.]—
Ed. Spirit of the Times.

CHARLESTON RACES.—A *gentleman who knows*, writes us that the report of the race for the citizen's purse at Charleston, S. C. which is going the rounds, copied from the Courier of that city, is "an unfair statement." It was not published in the Spirit of the Times from the journal spoken of or any other, [see report in last paper, 24th page] and this week we give the *official report*, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the Secretary of the club.

Our correspondent writes that *Hickory John* was unwell when he ran on the 4 mile day, (Wednesday) but on Friday he appeared so much better his owner entered him for the citizen's purse, (3 mile heats, purse $1000) with Lady Morgan, Clodhopper, and Saladin. His owner being obliged to leave town, left the horse in the hands of James Palmer, the trainer, and the day after he was so much worse, being badly swollen under his belly, that it was expected Palmer would withdraw him from the contest. However, at the earnest solicitations of the friends of his owner, the horse was allowed to start by Palmer, with the express understanding that his performance the first heat should determine his condition to maintain further exertion. Palmer also publicly announced the fact, that the horse was out of condition, and prudently cautioned his backers. The first heat was won by Hickory John under a hard pull, (Lady Morgan trailing the whole distance) and the 2d he lost to the Lady by a length, after a spirited contest. The effects of his distemper now began to manifest itself so clearly that he was withdrawn, and up to the date of our last news from him, (more than a week afterwards) he was still suffering under it.

The above is the "jist" of our correspondent's statement, which he says is "a plain unvarnished tale." We know the writer, and from the high opinion he expresses of Lady Morgan, as a thorough bred racer, make no doubt he claims nothing but even-handed justice, which surely none will be more ready to accord to a stranger on their turf than the gallant Carolinians.

MR. HAUN'S RACING STUD ON SALE.—The proprietor of *Plato*, *Rattlesnake*, *Bertrand*, jr. and other good ones, WILLIAM G. HAUN, Esq. writes us (from Warrenton, Miss. whither he has removed from Augusta. Geo.) that he has retired from the turf, for a time, and would like to dispose of his large stable of blooded stock, including the horses above named, and about *thirty* others, equal in point of blood, if not of fame. Mr. Haun's racing stud is well known throughout the country, and gentlemen desirous of adding to their racing stables, would do well to embrace this opportunity. Mr. Haun's address is Warrenton, Warren Co. Miss.

THE LAST TENNESSEE BULLETIN.

Traveller has come out with the following banter to *Molo* and *Cashier*. We shall see now who is and who is not willing to "stand up to the rack."

GENTLEMEN SPORTSMEN.—Much has been said about Traveller in the absence of his master, and as I am the proprietor of him, in his absence, I deem it my duty to support his character. Altho' I have advertised him for the season, and will stand him at ten dollars the single leap, I believe that to be the best leap he will make the season. I will run the race proposed by Molo over the Campbell Station tract, on the second Friday in March next, two miles and repeat, according to Molo's own proposal, for $500, if you will come yourself, or send your agent, to the races at Madisonville on the 25th of this inst. Traveller against Cashier, I will put up a forfeit of $250, and you can enter Molo in this race at $250 entrance, and make it a Sweepstake race. So far as Traveller is concerned there shall be no objections. Traveller cannot meet you at the Redbridge, according to your request, on account of the race against Cashier, but don't intend to be run over by Molo without a just cause. I am opposed to such bantering and no racing. If Traveller is no race horse I want to know it. I will run the match race now proposed; and also the Sweepstake race on the part of Traveller and be governed by the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club. If no communication is made against that day, I shall consider it no race.

Feb. 17, 1836. NAT. S. SMALLING.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF SPEED.—From *The Physical and Chemical Journal of Science, and the Arts of Husbandry in France* we make the following extract, which will be found no less curious than useful, and cannot fail to interest our readers:—

	Feet per second.
The ordinary rate of a man walking	4
——Of a good horse in harness	12
(Or 2,000 toises (yards) in 8 minutes,)	
——Of a reindeer in a sledge, on the ice	96
——Of an English racehorse	43
——Of a hare	88

Such is the state of the public roads in some parts of Canada, that a traveller, inquiring the distance to Montreal was answered, "Nine miles by water, Sir, and the rest by mud"—a description which proved to be but too correct.

The English Turf.

CRAVEN ON STUD FARMS.

I take it for granted, that to the readers of a work like this, there is no need to beg the question of the highly national importance attaching to the preservation of the character of our English horses: all over the world their pre-eminence is known and acknowledged. Neither am I about to insinuate that such superiority is on the wane. I think, however, I can show that the causes which are occasionally assigned for encouraging a less zealous attention to this branch of speculative industry, are exactly such as should produce an opposite effect. Monomaniasts are to be met with upon all questions; and, of latter days, a good many have gone beside themselves in the affair of horseflesh. These have been scared out of their wits by the phantom Steam; and will stoutly maintain, that in a very few more years, horses will be of service only for *fuel*—a purpose to which they at present are applied among the Pampas of South America, upon the authority of Lieutenant Head. To deal seriously with their arguments, it must be admitted, that the substitution of steam for animal power on the great lines of road intersecting our island, will greatly reduce the demand for that inferior class of animals technically denominated Machiners. Now, the recognition of that principle is the argument on which I base the observations I wish here to urge upon all who are engaged, or may meditate engaging, in Stud Farms, as a rural speculation.

Nothing can be more striking, than (to express the traffic as a merchant would) the state of Exchange at present in the horse-market. We export a first-class article of home-production, and receive in return merchandise of infinitely less value as the vineyards of Champagne might be supposed to send here their sparkling nectar, receiving in barter our sour gooseberry wine.

Stud Farms, for the production of first-rate Racing Stock, are numerous in England, our Gracious Monarch setting the example with the splendid establishment at Hampton Court. In this instance, the sole object is the improvement, or rather the perpetuation, of the excellence of our blood, as His Majesty does not appear as a Master of Race-horses. There are many other extensive breeders of thorough-bred stock, who do not train at all, or at least in no comparison to the numbers they breed. My present design, however, is not to consider the Turf as offering such a market for stock as should induce a speculator to turn his attention to the production of blood horses for racing purposes. In the first instance, such a scheme requires the immediate advance of a large capital, with no prospect of direct return. Again, the business is already in the hands of individuals with whom competition would be fearfully hazardous. Still, suppose a man possessing a mature judgment for the selection of the original or parent stock, lands suitable for breeding, and paddocks for the protection of the produce, well and warmly fenced—say that he possesses also a commanding purse, to enable him to take the market with confidence, and select mares of the highest racing descent, and put them to the most fashionable and best stallions of the day; in this case, I cannot but think the risk would be sanctioned by the prospective results. Let him sell off his foals at a weaning time, or as yearlings, and I should imagine they must pay. Only a very few years back, Lord Durham received £1600 for eight foals; and Mr. Nowell very recently has sold his yearlings for five hundred guineas a-piece! Look, too, at the prices given in the last Second October Meeting at Newmarket, for the Duke of Grafton's young stock.

A word, before I part with this portion of my argument. The value of young racing stock would appear (in the event, of course, of its having pretension to future excellence on the Turf) to depend materially on the possible value of the Stakes for which it might be put in nomination. Now, taking the average, we shall probably find the colt foals producing the largest figures. Let us see how they are entitled to such preference. Last year, for instance, in three starts, a colt could have won £8350; whereas a filly, in a similar number of chances, might have gained the enormous sum of £11,100.

But these notices draw me from my purpose, which is to point out the advantages likely to attend the establishment of Stud Farms expressly for breeding stock—that is, thorough-bred *for the field*. In the first part of these observations, I stated my opinion that we were on the brink of an era in travelling when the vent for a certain class of horses would be closed. In the present day, the yards of the great Coach-masters are sure markets for every thing that can be called a horse, and having life in his carcase. Instead, however, of such a change at all affecting the interest of persons engaged in breeding horses, it will, I feel convinced, have an opposite tendency: it will cause demand for a higher class, and, as such, a scale of improved, and consequently more remunerating prices.

Before I proceed with such notices of Stud Farms for field purposes, as a careful perusal of the best authorities and some individual experience enable me to offer, it will be more convenient to state my conviction that, looking at the form of fox-hounds in the principal hunting districts, no man can venture now-a-days upon breeding hunters for remunerating prices, save that his produce be quite thorough-bred. In making this avowal, I believe I best serve the interests of such as may be destined in the future as buyers and sellers. I know it will be objected to me, that, taking the average of all the Hunts in the kingdom, not one horse out of twenty found at covert-side shall be thorough-bred; but shall I also be told that the reason is *because* a deteriorated blood is found to answer best? Look to the source whence most of the horses *purchased for the field* are derived, and there will be found the influencing cause. A farmer becomes possessed of a mare, that he occasionally rides to meet hounds, when the fixture is in his neighborhood: he finds her a fair performer over a country, and he turns her to the account of profit as well as pleasure. He thinks she *may* breed a hunter: at all events, it will cost him but little, and the experiment is worth the trial. Perhaps it never happens that a yeoman buys a mare with the object of thus turning her to stud, having selected her of blood and shape fitted for his purpose. A great many of our farmers are superior riders: at four years old, the young ones are brought out under the advantage of being capitally handled (especially if they are ridden to *sell*); and having the capability of making their colts constantly into hunters, they find purchasers in those who will not, and need not, take the trouble and run the risk of training for themselves. I am quite sure such would be found the origin of nine-tenths of the young horses purchased by the dealers and others for the hunting stable. It may be said that an insuperable difficulty against breeding blood stock for the field is, that you seldom find such turn out weight-carriers. I have no hesitation in admitting, that if twenty stone is to be supported, I might not readily put a nag in his way. But this is a folly: when a *lusus* of that description must see itself in a red coat and leathers, let it mount itself out of Barclay & Perkins's drays. Taking twelve stone as the medium weight found among men who make fox-hunting a pursuit (and out of a hundred, the average will be *under* it), in a Stud Farm where proper discrimination shall be exercised in selecting sires as well as dams, the majority of stock will always match the burden. Of the power of the thorough-bred over the cock-tail, to carry weight (I do not mean where computation is made by the *ton*), there is proof in every year's Calendar. If, then, the blood-horse over the course can always, at equal weights, beat an adversary of less pure pedigree, how infinitely must his advantages be multiplied across a country where *endurance* (the crowning attribute of his desert-born ancestry) is not limited? If I felt that my argument would be strengthened by adducing proofs, I could fill a number with them; but I address myself to those who know that whenever the question is put, "Why do you ride a cock-tail?" the answer invariably is, "Because a thorough-bred hunter is above my figure." Beyond this, surely I need not travel to show that I have not advocated the experiment of Stud Farms for hunters unadvisedly, or with a view of serving the breeder only.

I shall now prosecute my object, which I will treat under two heads: in the first, giving an outline of the safest method for investing capital in the purchase of mares—how to be guided in the selection of stallions—the construction of paddocks for young stock, the treatment of it, and the time and manner of best bringing it to market. Under the second, I will attempt to offer some practical observations on training and fitting the thorough-bred horse for the field.

As many of the past ages were distinguished by *soubriquets*, should one be sought for the nineteenth century, the *literary* will be the most suitable. Books do multiply—will multiply—must multiply, for there is a progressive ratio in produce and consumption. Never were such indefatigable readers; "increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on." Still, it cannot be concealed, that the next noblest animal to man is not in similar proximity in biography. All recent writers upon the horse begin at the wrong end. If we turn on this subject to those admirable compilations, our Encyclopædias, we shall certainly find abundance of matter; but for practical information we shall be almost where we were. It is true we may learn that horses were very rare in Judea till Solomon's time; that Moses restricted the Stud of the King of the Hebrews, and so forth; which may be all very well for such as read for amusement: but we might as well turn to the ancients for models of paddle-wheels, or hints for constructing gasometers, as to glean any thing about breeding or training the thorough-bred horse of our day. Virgil, in the Georgics, certainly gives some exquisite pictures of what a hunter ought to be, and they are very beautiful to read: Xenophon gives admirable advice on the art equestrian: Horace too is eloquent on the excellence of an early bending of the twig, if we would have the latter growth properly inclined: and Ovid cautions against putting a Mameluke bit into the mouth of a yearling. These be things that are not suited to our learning, and, therefore do I contend, that, however superior in all other arts and sciences we are in the present century, we do not abound in any equal degree with writers *De Arte Equestri*. Unless we were to wade through the pages that have been defiled during the last two centuries on this subject, we cannot relish the satire of that worthy, Geofrey Gambado: it seems, lacking such information, a senseless burlesque. But let us sacrifice five minutes to a passage in a work published during the reign of Elizabeth, by way of illustration. "A New Booke containing the Arte of ryding and breaking great horses, &c. by Thomas Blunderill, Gent., of Newton Flatman, Norfolk." Your horse is shy to mount—thus runs his receipt. "If he hesitates, then al to rate him with a terrible voyce, *and beate him* yourself with a goode stick upon the head, between the eares!" "Sticke your horse in the spurring place iii or iiii times together, with one legge after another, as fast as your legges might walk; your legges must go like ii bouching betles!" Frenchmen call England the Paradise of women, but the purgatory of horses. Had they been familiar with the maxims of Blundevill, I think they would have named a place where, on Father O'Leary's authority, we "fare worse."

Buffon has treated of this noble animal with his acknowledged talent, and approached his subject *con amore*. Some of his directions for breeding deserve notice here. I will briefly advert to such as appear to bear immediately upon the matter for our consideration. We know that mares kept for Stud in Racing Establishments are required to foal as early in the year as possible, the nearer (according with the late Newmarket regulation) to the first of January the better. Where foals are destined for field purposes, the best season for their being dropped is the middle of April, when the Spring pasture is full of nutriment, and consequently the milk of the dams abounding in nourishing qualities. In laying down your paddocks, if possible contrive that the surface be *uneven*; young things are constantly taking exercise, chasing one another about, and the galloping over uneven ground gives freedom of action to the shoulders; and, in fact, is entering them to the work destined for their maturity. Buffon recommends only breeding from mares every second year; but I think few English speculators are likely to adopt this plan: however, "the first foal is never so strongly formed," he tells us "as the succeeding;" and advises a mare to be stinted to a larger stallion in the first instance. This is an error—or, at all events, no sure way of accomplishing the end in view; for we have constant evidence that the lowest sized sires produce the largest stock. And here we come to a question which has posed the most learned on that inexplicable riddle, BLOOD. It appears that the peculiarities of temper, size, colour, or any thing distinguished in the founder of a family, shall never decay, but, though for generation upon generation it lie concealed, eventually it reveals itself. Eclipse, for instance, had a small dark spot upon his quarter, which is constantly found among his descendants; as indeed is the rich full chesnut, though the sire and dam of his many-removed relatives be of a different hue. In selecting mares for the Stud, Buffon emphatically requires that they shall not have done much work. The breeder for the field will avoid the disadvantages here that attach to such as breed for the turf, where speed on both sides is considered almost a *sine qua non*. His best market for purchase, however remote his home may be, is unquestionably Newmarket: there, in the Autumn Meetings he will have the selection from very large parcels of the best blood in England; and, assuming that his judgment be good, (without which all the advice as to the *manner* of dealing that could be put to paper would be thrown away,) he has a reasonable chance of succeeding in laying in his material. One piece of counsel I most earnestly recommend: never let the opinion of any individual connected with the the stables in that town influence any man, who, with his eyes open, and his senses collected, sees what he supposes may suit his object. I do not by any means intend any offensive construction for this remark; all I would convey is, that prejudice so absolutely governs every one engaged with horses at Newmarket, either favorably, or the reverse, that none *will* see through a true medium. They are blind, wilfully blind, even to self-interest, a regard to which most people are tolerably keen-sighted. Of this I will give one example, and I think another will hardly be required. In the Houghton Meeting 1834, I attended a sale at the rooms, by Messrs. Tattersall, merely as a looker on. Among other stock offered was a draft from Lord Orford's Stud. One, a fine upstanding chesnut filly, three years old, by Merlin out of Adeline, 15-3, and lots of substance, was put up at fifty pounds—no bidders. This filly had been an extraordinary favorite in the preceding year for the Hopeful, for which she was beaten. Amadou, the winner, however, in her *three-year-old-form*, turned out badly; so, jumping at a conclusion from false premises, the Merlin filly was looked not worth ten-pence. Now it did so happen that I fancied to think for myself—and in this wise:—Amadou, a small compact mare, at two year old, was of a growth suited to her year; whereas this overgrown baby (like myself, who stood five feet ten inches at twelve years of age) had out-paced her strength. As I was seen looking at her after she was led away, I had lots of volunteer advice to mind what I was about—"she was a great rotten weed, never would be worth the expense of sending her to London—*her hocks were as thick as an elephant's*—curbs, spavins, thorough pins," and the devil knows what. Still I thought anatomy furnished a reason for such unusual large joints; and having seen bipeds of tender years suffer from internal causes, from injudicious regimen, it struck me that such might be the case here. I bought her for a figure that my conscience forbids me to record—and this Houghton I rode her at Newmarket. "What a magnificent mare that is!" said one of the first jocks and judges there: "she is the finest stamp of a thorough-bred I desire to see—what power! what a carriage!" She stands sixteen hands clear: can carry thirteen stone, to the eye, and is the steadiest and best fencer I ever possessed. She has been in my hands scarcely fourteen months, and I have refused for her eight times the amount of her first cost price! CRAVEN.

[Old London Sporting Magazine for January.

MR. THEOBALD'S BREEDING ESTABLISHMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.

SIR—In the hope that a cursory description of the interior of a racing and breeding establishment may not be "caviare to the multitude" of YOUR readers, I shall venture to carry them with me, for a few moments, to Stockwell—more easily and expeditiously too, though, perhaps, not so satisfactorily, as by one of our new rail-roads! The other day, under the patronage of the efficient Master of the Ceremonies, James Gardiner, I had the pleasure to be re-introduced to sundry of my old favourites of the Turf, as well as to form acquaintance with many who have not yet made their "debut" on the GREEN of life. From the affection I bear towards the parents, the success of these younkers cannot be a matter of indifference to me, barring the respect I entertain for their worthy master, Mr. Theobald, and a sympathy for the taste which "pulverum Olympicum collegisse juvat." To those who recollect, like myself, Mameluke, in his pride, pacing "the Warren," prior to carrying off our Derby, the view of him—not "fallen from his high estate," but enjoying (particularly just now!) his "otium cum dig,"—must be highly interesting. For shape and symmetry he is not to be surpassed, and so gentle withal, after his "mad carount" at Doncaster, that a child might play with him; but he has not got stock of any repute. For myself, I went with a strong prejudice against his get, deeming them weddy and deficient in bone. To dissipate this idea, I was subsequently shown a chesnut colt of his, out of Tredrille (formerly Lord Verulam's,) and a more promising one, to all appearance, with good loin and shoulder, I have not seen in a long time. But the filly out of Bobadilla, also two years old, is, to my fancy, splendid—a darkish chesnut, with powerful arms and thighs, strong hocks, and sweet fore-hand: it will be well if the second for the Oaks do not see her tail, which, by the bye, is remarkably well put on, and something in the Fleur-de-lis style. Caccia Piatti is a cobby-looking nag, with great strength; and all I can say of Exquisite is, I wish he had shoved his head in first instead of second for the Derby, as that "leetle" difference would have enabled me to buy him as a hunter for myself. Like many great characters when living, Tarrare has not had justice done him in the stud; but, let him die, and his "manes" cannot be appeased by singing his praises to an admiring posterity! He DID WIN a Leger, and from a rare good field, and in good form, too; and those who did not see him do the trick, may, from Herring's unique portrait of him, have some conception of the slashing pace he could go, and his undeniable stride: I use the term "unique" because Tarrare is the only horse this able artist ever took at a gallop. He may be coarse, and so is his sire; but give him some speedy mares, and if, like Catton, he do not get the winner of a Derby and Leger, I am greatly deceived if his progeny do not shine in a Portland Handicap (the principle, and the principal of which, I trust, will be perpetuated,) a Claret, or Ascot, and Goodwood Cup; in fact, in those encounters where strength and endurance must tell. Speed without substance is something like a shadow, though, to be sure, the "mopusses" of the Two year-old Stakes ("hinc illæ lachrymæ"), are tolerably substantial!—Laurel looks what he has been—an excellent, sound-constitutioned, wear and tear horse; but if he ever get a descendant as good as himself, I much doubt. But the Prince of the stud is Camel: it is well worth going down were it to see him alone—a dark brown, standing near seventeen hands. Look over him behind, you have the power of the dray-horse, coupled with all the lightness and airiness of the racer; his head and neck are perfection, and his temper the same. Although leggy, his bones and sinews are immense. All his get are speedy, but the "understandings" of some of them shaky—Touchstone, however, a splendid exception. A yearling of his, out of Datura's dam, if she will train on, must run: but on this score, of a bay one out of Waltz (two years old,) with singularly good legs, and well let down behind, with powerful hocks, there can be no fear. Had Hester stood, she must in the "Oaks" have added to the reputation of the sire of the winner of the previous Leger, being the only one which could have had a chance with Preserve: it was no child's play, the latter beating her for "the Criterion." By the bye, had the stud-book told us the "immortal Queen" was by "Camel of Velocipede," with me it would never have been a matter of doubt which, her dam the "Princess Royal" had preferred; indeed, had any one, at all conversant with racing matters, been called on to guess the sire, from the striking resemblance of "The Queen," the paternity would, without hesitation, have been adjudged to Camel. Since the Goodwood Meeting, I had not met my old friend Rockingham: he looked as fresh as paint. My only regret is, that he cannot meet Glencoe; and my sole desire, that he may meet the challenge horse, Touchstone. I, for one, should have no fear of the result; at any rate, if wrong, should make up my mind to be punished in pocket, after a "concatenation accordingly!" Having just previously been favored with a view of his portrait by Ward, R. A.., where he is represented saddled, with M'Donald ready to mount, and the bridle in his owner's hand, I had the very best opportunity of confirming my first impression—that his transmission to the canvas reflects the highest credit on the painter. The likenesses of Mr. Theobald and the jockey, though unusual in animal paintings, are capital. Gardiner showed me two recent purchases from the north, both two years old—a bay, racing-like-looking filly, with a plain Blacklock head, by Brutandorf, out of Bubastes' dam; and another by Lottery, out of Baleine, a neat, hardy, and handy looking one, with plenty of substance, and remarkably well toped.—The brood-mares, Waltz, Bobadilla, Tredrille, &c., are kept at Brixton, whither I have not yet sent my steps. Though the worthy proprietor of this establishment, which it gave me sincere pleasure to inspect, has hitherto not been much smiled upon by Dame Fortune in his racing career, he must bear in mind the proverbial fickleness of the Goddess; and as it is a "long lane that has no turning," I trust the one at Stockwell may prove to have a "good strong turn" ere, in the mutations of Time and Fate, it be deserted.—With respect, Sir, your faithful servant and old correspondent, VATES.

JACK JORROCKS IN THE NORTH.

[SUCH of our readers as take an interest in the movements of Mr. Jorrocks, will regret to learn that that distinguished sporting citizen has had a renewal of his attack of *indigestion*, which last winter drove him to Cheltenham, but for which the celebrated waters of Dinsdale, on the banks of the Tees in the North of England, were this year recommended: and we are happy to say that his bibations have been attended with the most satisfactory results, the old grocer (as the following letter will show) being again as stout on his legs as ever, and partaking of the pleasures of the chase, apparently with great satisfaction to himself. His old crony James Green, already well known to our readers, is the person he selects to inflict his correspondence upon, and Mr. Green, with that consideration that so peculiarly characterizes him, has handed the following letter to us, with an intimation that the continuation of the correspondence will be equally at our service. We have therefore only to add, that we give it "verbatim et literatim," and to beg that such of our readers as take no interest in Mr. Jorrocks, or his movements, will refrain from venturing on a perusal of it, forewarned as they are by us, that it is couched in the style of elegance and grammatical purity that distinguishes all that great sportsman's effusions. It will be seen that Mr. Jorrocks falls into the common cockney error of considering every place north of Yorkshire in Scotland, which led to the disappointment he experienced on finding that Mr. Ralph Lambton and his men were not dressed in "kilts and philibegs."—*Editor N. S. M.*]

REDGEFIELD, near Rushyford, Dec., 1835.

MY DEAR JAMES,

You will be rejoiced to hear that I am nearly rewived, the hair and water of Scotland having worked wonders on my constitution; I feel, as my friend Mr. Nimrod said in one of his elegant epistles to the Corinthians, as though I had "laid full fifty years aside, and was again a boy." Indeed, I think I may safely say I am as well as ever I was, for I can eat and drink and sleep and rule, and wot more can a man of fifty-six years of age expect to do?

Having now told you about myself, I shall give you some information respecting Scotland, at least so much of it as I have seen, which as yet, is not werry much. Having only got with me the map of Europe (which is pasted in the top of my portmanteau) and one of "twenty miles round London," I can't exactly tell you where to put your finger on the place where I now am, but it is just across the borders, and from Dinsdale, where I stayed to drink the waters, I could see into England, the river being the only separation between the two kingdoms. It is now three weeks yesterday since I left Dinsdale and removed to this place, which is farther in the interior, and I have thought of going still farther north yet. But to tell you about this place. When I first heard of Sedgefield, I thought it would be a werry fine place for duck-shooting, more particularly as they said it was near Rushyford, but a young gentleman who dwided the hotel at Dinsdale with me, each man having twenty beds at his own disposal, informed me that there was a grand hunt held there twice a year by the greatest sportsman in all Scotland, and that it was well worth my while going any distance to see it. I told him that I belonged to the best hunt in all England—the Surrey—and could'nt fancy nothing better: whereupon he laughed, and said "that was the hunt Mr. Jorrocks belonged to." "You're right," sir, replied I, "and wot's more to the purpose, I'm Mr. Jorrocks himself;" whereupon he haltered his tone, and acknowledged it was a very capital hunt, but advised me by all things to see Mr. Lambton's. This young gentleman (who I think was an Englishman) used to turn out werry often himself, and wot with seeing him every now and then in his pink and leathers, and gaining strength as I was then doing, I began to think a little hunting would do me no harm, on the contrary a great deal of good, so I cast about in search of an orse, and at last lit upon a regular clipper, for which I gave £150 (minus the 0), and having got my pink and boots from London, and hired as a groom a young "navigator" (as they call them, because they work on dry land) that I found working at a railway, I started one afternoon for Sedgefield, with the determination of seeing all that was to be seen, and of making a fair and impartial report to the Southerns, "nothing extenuating and nothing set down in malice."

I confess, as I had approached the town with the recollection of Old Croydon in its by-gone days of prosperity, its neat brick houses green window-shutters, and parrots and cock-a-toos outside, that halloos to the hunters as they ride by, and the swinging signs that stretch across the street, and all the bustle and business occasioned by the long and short stages in and out of London, flitting in my memory, I was wondrously disappointed on finding myself in a straggling deserted-looking village, with a large church in the centre, and none but poor small brick or white-washed red-tiled houses, and here and there a humble public, as different from our London inns as brown Barbadoes differs from best lump sugar, and without even an oyster-seller or orange-merchant to make the air ring merrily to their halloas. I almost repented me of my errand, and pulled up by the school-house, half determined to return, repeating to myself

"Hope for a season bids my breast farewell,"

when, just as I uttered the words, I espied the sign of "The Hope," swinging like a crow on a gibbet. Thinking I must feed my orse and myself at all ewents before I returned, I rode into the yard, when lo! I found it full of grooms, helpers, and ostlers, for all the world just as old Charley Moreton's used to to be on a Saturday morning. There they were, some beating horses clothes, some scouring leathers, some washing saddles, and some bridles, but all *kissing* away, according to the old and approved custom of grooms. Finding things better than I expected, I gave my nag to the ostler and walked into the house, where I met with Mr. Smith the landlord, a werry civil attentive man, who werry soon made me werry comfortable. To make short, then, of a long story, my dear James, I determined to establish my quarters here for a time, not only because I liked the chaps that I found, but because I knew any thing relative to the natives of so remote a region as Scotland, must be werry interesting to all our good friends in London, particularly to the members of the Surrey hunt, and I consider it the duty of every man to sacrifice his personal ease to the public good, even to living in a public-house, if occasion requires it. I will now tell you my opinion of wot I've seen. The natives seem werry harmless, good sort of people, but their dress is not half so queer as their language. Indeed, with the exception of long webs of black and white tartan (of the same material as our snobs make their trowsers of), which they twist about their bodies as a showman does a live boa, I have seen nothing remarkable in their toggery. In this I was much disappointed; particularly in the hunt dresses, for I expected to find all the chiefs in kilts and phillibegs, with eagles' feathers in their bonnets, as they come on to the stage at Drury Lane in "Rob Roy M'Gregor;" instead of which they turned out just as we see them in England, in red coats, leathers, and tops.

Sedgefield is a "deadly lively" sort of a place, and on a non-hunting day is the werry grave of fun. All the swells that can, go away, and we poor devils wot remain, are just like boys left at school during the holidays. There is nothing whatsoever to do, and if we did not kill half the day in bed, some of us would assuredly cut our throats. There is not even a reading-room, and as to a circulating library, the natives never heard of such a thing. A coach passes through the town twice a day, at ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, which is the only lively thing we have to look forward to. Nevertheless, there is something warmint and wild in the appearance of the place, which trains the mind to hunting. The boys run about yelping like hounds, and there is a little bowdekite (as they call children here) holloaing under my window as I write this, "*get forward! get forward!*" as much as to say, "why don't you make your pen go the pace?" I'll take the hint and tell you how we manage matters on a non-hunting day.

About one o'clock we begin to show symptoms of hanimation, and first one man is seen flattening his nose against his window, and then another. Presently some one opens his door and wentures out, looking first up street and then down, and seeing both ends equally empty, puts a cigar in his mouth and his hands in his pockets, and saunters along, looking over the blind of the kitchen window at Hallimand's, and into Mrs. Eells, to discover if any one is astir, until he comes to about "the Hope," when there is a dead halt, to see whether some one there will hail first. In the meantime a groom, in fustian and in stable cap, passes with a red coat under his arm, or a pair of top boots in his hand, and two or three "gentlemen's gentlemen," whose masters are away, lounge up with their hands under their coat tails, and a wink or a word to all the servant lasses that show at the doors and windows, and turn into Peggy Thomson's to drink whiskey and talk their "Governors" over. Presently another of the "governors" is seen looking about for a playfellow, and the two join and turn into "the Hope," where they find a swell Caledonian or two and myself breakfasting off Findon haddocks, fried 'am, honey, butter, eggs—a reg'lar Scotch breakfast in fact, consisting of all the delicacies of the season. Having passed a vote in favor of smoking, they throw themselves upon chairs and sofas, and disburthen their minds of all they've got to say—and it is werry odd how much fox-hunters' conversation assimilates in one part of the world and another. Indeeed, were I to shut my eyes, I could often fancy myself sitting in Charley Moreton's snug parlor that looked towards the barracks at Croydon, instead of being in Scotland. First, we talk about the run the day before. "The very finest that *ever was seen* with hounds," says one who had the luck to get away with them—"an hour and fifty minutes, over as fine a country as any man need wish to see—grass nearly the whole way!"—"I don't wish to disparage the run," says another, who was *not* there, "but it strikes me it took a confounded long time to cover the country you name. Why —— whin is only two miles from ——, and you make out that you took fifty minutes to do that."—"Desperate hard day for horses," says a third.—"Where did we find," says a fourth. "Brockey Moor," is the reply. "What! *found* at Brockey Moor and *killed* at Brockey Moor! I thought we had been twelve miles off at least!"—"Yes, but we run in a ring." Then we talk how such a man went, and how such a one shirked—who was first over the brook, and who broke the rail on the far side—how well "my orse" went, and how slovenly t'other chaps fenced; abuse the men that have come, and wonder why some others don't cast up.

We then turn out to the stables—"There's an 'unter! strip him, Tom, and just pass your hand down his legs Mr. Jorrocks and tell me if ever you felt an animal with such substance. I would'nt take a *thousand* guineas of any man's money for him! *He goes like a bird!* Talk of ——'s grey horse! he's not to be mentioned in the same millennium! This horse can *galvanize* the world!"—

"Pooh, pooh," exclaims another, "that's all nonsense—wot do *you* know about an an orse? Come to *my* stable and I'll show you a superior animal if you like." —So then we proceed to another stable, where the groom as usual is hard at work doing nothing, and the helper is helping him. "Now then look at that orse," says his owner, "did you ever see an animal better formed for going than he is? Confound you, you lazy blockhead, (to the groom), why do you let that straw stick in his tail—turn him round—that's not the way to go up to an 'orse man!"—"He'll kick me, sir, if I go bolt up to him."—"Confound his kicking—kick him again ca'nt you? Now just examine him attentively—there's an eye! —there's a head! set on as it ought to be; he's one of the right sort. Zounds, sir, how often am I to tell you not to singe him so closely? There, turn him back—a beautiful 'orse to be sure. He's by Golumpus, out of Sir Peter Teasdale's mare—Golumpus was by Goliah, dam Everlasting by Mercury, granddam Sky-scraper by Moonraker, great grand-dam Wings by Wizzard, g eat great granddam Penelope by Pypator, great great great granddam Maid of Orleans by Sorcerer, great great great great ganddam Volante by Highflyer, Darley Arabian, Flying Childers, Eclipse, dam by the Two True Blues; and d—n you, there's his pedigree!"

Having thus made the rounds of the stables we put our hands in our pockets again and proceed to the lodgings of such men as have not "shown," to inquire after their healths, and see wot sort of maid-servants they keep, and perhaps get a snack from some one, a bit of gingerbread, a biscuit, a glass of sherry, or *cure-a-sore*, for fox-hunters can eat and dirink any thing and at any hour on a non-hunting day. Here we sit talking much the same as before, until it begins to get dusk, and the children turn out from the school-house with a rush, and Mr. S—'s green carriage and grey horses is seen progressing homewards towards the rectory. We talk *them* over, admit that it is not a bad "turn out" for the country, and wonder the coachman does not exercise the horses with hounds. Feeding time approaches, and though we are not at all hungry, it is too good a way of killing an hour or two to neglect dining, so we begin to talk about eating, and some such dialogue as this insues.

"I say where 'you dine to-day, old fellow?" "Oh, I don't mean to have any dinner to-day, I had too much wine last night and shall make a tea day of it. It's hard work dining every day at Hardwicke."—"Well, I don't care if I do the same.—Suppose we have a mutton chop at 'the Hope.' But let us be quiet to night, and go to bed early."—"Where do you dine, Mr. Jorrocks? Will you join our party? That's a jolly old cock—I knew you would be good for a feed. And now we will just see what Smith can give us—we don't want any of the great swell dinners they give us at Hardwicke, with their three hours' swizzle, but just a quiet chop and a glass of sherry after it. 'Where moderation dwells,' you know Mr. Jorrocks; perhaps you can finish the quotation, for I'm sure I can't."

Well, then, about six o'clock, (half-an-hour before Hardwicke time, so that we may get to bed sooner), we sit down to wot they calls an eleemosinary feed, consisting of odds and ends, and for an hour or two after the cloth is drawn go it werry gingerly, and every thing looks well for a quiet night. Just then Smith opens the door, presents Mr. ——'s compliments, and Mr. So-and-so, and one or two other gentlemen are at his lodgings and will be 'appy to see us over. We forget all about the *tea* night, rush over, grope amid clouds of tobacco for chairs, and sit mixing claret, brandy, cure-a-sore, port, sherry, caviare, till about two or three in the morning, when we find our way home, and have the rheumatism in our heads all the next day. So much for a *tea* night.

Though some of us live in the village of Sedgefield, as recorded in the last number of the New Sporter, (where by the way the writer maliciously omitted my name), yet Mr. Lambton and many of the swells reside at the club house about a mile off. It is a werry large white house, not unlike Marden park, only situated in a flat park instead of one with a heavy ground-swell, and has a fine lake before it, all swarming with wild fowl, which keep quacking and screaming, as much as to say, "Come, eat me, come eat me." There are a great many bed-rooms in the house, and a werry large drawing-room and two dining-rooms, one for small parties of twelve or fourteen, the other for unlimited lots. It has also the advantage of having a private *ghost* about the premises, which is generally heard towards midnight, the noise it makes so closely resembling the laughing and screaming of girls, as to make strangers, who have slept there, ignorantly attribute it to the housemaids. The members of the club are most liberal fellows, for they admit every body, members of the hunt and strangers, to the advantages of the house, ghost and all, at the same rate as they pay themselves but they give no tick. Every Monday during the meeting there is a great muster, and we have glorious doings.

I'll try if I can give you an idea of a Monday at Hardwicke. First, we all assemble in the drawing-room, where there is always a blazing north-country fire, and all the volumes of the New Sporter on the table: and if they have any candidates, the ballot for new members take place. At half-past six, the doors are thrown open, and the butler announces dinner. Strangers are purlitely inwited to walk out first; and the President and Wice-President of the evening having taken their places, it is a werry pleasant sight, I assure you, to see so many jolly countenances appearing above white waistcoats, with pink silk under ones, and black coats with welwet collars, and gilt buttons, with a fox and L. below. *We start*, and a rare clatter and chatter ensues. "Wine with you, sir!" "Mr. Jorrocks, will you allow me to help you to some 'ding dong?'"—which they say is Latin for Turkey. "Mr. President, I'll trouble you again for some more wenison!" "Who's upset the dish of curry?" "Oh! it was Mr. ——, showing his neighbor how Spinster by Shuttle heaved the heavy." "Fine him five shillings, and hand the money up to the President." "Who's for some *wol-a-wong?*" "Hand the Champagne to Mr. Jorrocks." "Thank you, sir—but I'll take sherry." And so we go on, until every man cries "Enough;" when the table is cleared, wine and desert put on, the bell-cable tied to the Wice's chair, and the servants retire. *Again there's a burst!*—every man is talking to his neighbor, all in the best possible of humors, making such a Babel-like confusion, that the President calls three times to his Wice before he catches his ear. *Mr. Wice!*" again he cries, with a thump on the table, "we'll drink *The Coal Trade*, if you please!" A curious toast, you will say, for fox-hunters to begin with; but there's no accounting for local habits: in the Surrey Hunt, we generally drink "The Hat Trade" first. However, the "coal trade" is werry popular down here; and some presidents, whenever they fall short of a toast, holloa out, "We'll drink The Coal Trade *again*, if you please!"

The clamour is resumed, and the President again knocks the table, to give "Fox-hunting." "The Illustrious Strangers who have honored the Club with their presence!"—which produces three or four speeches; and *I* makes them the same one every night, beginning with "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking," proceed to a justly-merited eulogy on their cook and their Hardwicke hospitality, and end with "*This* is the proudest moment of my life." After this, they drink "Absent Friends;" and werry often they drink the healths of some absent Hussars, who were present last season, particularly one called the friendly Cotton; also Sam. Langham, Biggs, Shirley, a Lord somebody, Doncaster, I think, and others whose names I forget, but whose healths I always drink. When the President thinks we are about "cheering pitch," he claims a bumper, and calls on the Wice to see that his friends take care of themselves. The wine passes round, and all their glasses being charged, the President rises and speaks:—

"*Mr. Vice, and Gentlemen,*

"You will probably anticipate the toast I am about to propose—it is the health of a gentleman to whom we are much indebted for the best of all possible sport that hounds can show, for the very brilliant run that we enjoyed this day, and for the very efficient establishment that he provides for our amusement. I say, without flattery or prejudice, that I have seen no hounds that I consider equal to his, no country that I like so well as the Sedgefield, and no club that I like better than the Hardwicke (cheers). I have always said, and still maintain, that there are but three towns in all the world worth living in; and those are London town, Paris town, and Sedgefield town (cheers and laughter). But, gentlemen, I will not detain you longer, anxious and eager as I see you are to do justice to a toast which you must all have anticipated; so, without more palaver, I will conclude by proposing the health of Ralph Lambton, with three times three; and as long as I have a foundation to put upon pig-skin, may I be here to witness his doings." This toast is always drank with immense cheers, and sometimes the members stand on their chairs, and sometimes they *try* to do so. When the clatter subsides, and men get balanced in their seats again, Mr. Lambton gives his head a shake, and rises, glass in hand—looking first at the President, then down the table—and says:—

"Gentlemen, I am extremely obliged to you for the honor you have done me, in drinking my health in so flattering a manner. I can only say, that I enjoy very good health at present, which I attribute not a little to the frequency with which I have it drank by my friends. Our worthy President, in proposing it on the present occasion, spoke in very handsome terms of the excellence of my hounds —perhaps in terms rather too eulogistic (No! no! from all quarters, and cheers). I hope to be able to show you many good runs yet; and beg to return you all my best thanks, and wish that you may all live as long as I have done, enjoy as good health, and see as much sport" (cheers).

Then there's a call for "the man wot writes songs and sings them;" and Mr. Sutton, the Bard of Elton and Poet Laureate of the hunt, chaunts forth the following, which I select as one of the best of their northern "national melodies."

"Descend, ye chaste Nine! strike the chord you love best,
I've a theme that will put your high notes to the test;
I've a chase to describe, that assuredly will
Rouse the dead from their graves, with Huzza! for Fox-hill.
Bellanamona ora,
The Hounds of Ralph Lambton for me!

"We shall ever remember that glorious day,
When to Long Newton village we rattled away;
Every hound seemed that morning by instinct to know,
That the Long Newton* country would give up a go.
Bellanamona ora, &c.

"Burn-wood was drawn blank, but we cared not a rap,
(Though we all thought it smelt *h*——*h strong of a trap*,)
For we knew that a *rallying point*† we could make,
Where a thoroughbred son of *old Cæsar* would break.
Bellanamona, &c.

"Scarce the hounds were in cover, when off Reynard stole,
How high beat each heart! how transported each soul!
Every hound in his place, and, to give them their due,
Over Newbiggen-bottoms like pigeons they flew.
Bellanamona, &c.

"By Sanberge and Stainton he now bent his way,
For Elstobt afforded no shelter this day;
Little Stainton then gained, but he durst not look back,
So close at his brush lay this brilliant pack.
Bellanamona, &c.

"Next pointing to Whitton, by Hillington-mill,
One or two boasted clippers were fain to stand still;
But remember, my boys, with a *Long Newton fox*
It won't do to lark *when they're up to the hocks*.
Bellanamona, &c.

"O'er the fam'd Seaton hills with that vigor he flew,
Determin'd to prove himself *thorough true blue*;
Sterns down! bristles up! 'twould have done your hearts good
To have seen this staunch pack running frantic *for blood!*
Bellanamona, &c.

"By Thorp, Thewls, and Griddon we rattled like smoke,
And the hounds gaining on him at every stroke,
He, disdaining Thorp-wood should his destiny mark,
Dropp'd his brush, and died vermin in Wynyard-park.
Bellanamona, &c.

"Fill! fill! ye brave fellows that rode in the run!
May the pack add new laurels to those they have won!
At my toast how each bosom with ecstacy bounds,
Long life to Ralph Lambton! success to his hounds!
Ballanamona, ora,
The hounds of Ralph Lambton for me!

This song sets us all a-going, and we drink the "dog pack," and then the "bitch pack," and then have another chaunt, and so we go on, singing, laughing talking, toasting, and making merry, until the butler casts a damper over the evening by making his appearance with two plates and the bill, instead of two bottles and a biscuit, and the footman announces the Arrowsmith's car with clean straw in the bottom is waiting to carry the strangers home. We then call for a "bumper at parting," and if any man can sing the song so much the better, for then of course we must have another bumper to drink his health and "thanks for his song;" and sometimes the President sends the bill out to be amended, by adding more drink to it. So much for a Hardwicke night, which I assure you are werry jolly ones.

Hunting down here is of a werry different quality to what we have it in Surrey. There are no hills, indeed with the exception of the range of mountains that run across the north of Yorkshire, and I believe divide England from Scotland, and which are wisible from Sedgefield in a blue indistinct outline. I have seen nothing from which a man could get a view of a chase unless it be from Grindon-chapel, or the church-steeple when the hounds are near Sedgefield. The consequence of this is, that we are obliged to follow them wherever they go, and as soon as ever the fox breaks cover, it is "*hey away; hey away! ding dong*," with us all. The foxes, too, are werry wild warmints, all regular country bred uns, none of your tailless beggars brought down in baskets by Brighton coaches, and turned down without brushes in order that if the hounds lose them the loss may be the less. You know, my dear James, how stoutly I have stood up for the superiority of the Surrey hunt, and the fame that establishment has gained by my patronage, but as an honest independant sportsman I must confess that I feel inclined to recanter over some of my opinions, and admit that our system is *not quite perfection*. It is doubtless werry pleasant to sit on a hill top on a fine spring morning, chatting and making bargains with one's friends, watching the pack swinging up and down, like the pendulum of a clock, and knowing to a nicety where the fox will come up, if he gets up at all; but there is something finer and more hanimating far, in going "slick right away" across a fine open country, where the leaps are not too large, and the fox is a warmint that mortal man never handled. Still we have some *advantages* that these Scotchmen are without, for as there is no subscription to these hounds, there is no halloaing, no hamateur huntsmen allowed, which it must be confessed is rather a drawback, for wot can be finer than to feel at the end of a run that you have been instrumental in killing the fox? Here, indeed, they don't even cap for the huntsman on killing, a custom you know that *we* never omit.

I must not forget to mention a most gratifying circumstance to me, as a southern, and one which all Englishmen may justly be proud of, which is, that one of the werry best performers across country in these parts comes from the county of Kent, and from that part too hunted by our pack. He comes out *anonymously*, just as though he came to see them throw off, but then they find it requires a good man to live with him, all of which I am ready to substantiate before Hobler and the Lord Mayor whenever I cast anchor in London. Some of the Scotchmen, too, particularly those called the "sweet Caledonians," are bad uns to beat. The sport I may say has been of the most brilliantissimost description; "indeed, "sine joko" (which is werry good latin for "without any nonsense,") I question whether any hounds in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America have shown more sport. Of course I won't pretend to say that I've seen all the runs, for men at my time of life are generally better hands over the mahogany than across country, but all here admit that the sport has been most unexceptionable. Still I confess my heart yearns for "old Surrey," and I now and then wish myself seated on the top of Shooter's-hill with my telescope.

The turn out with Mr. Lambton's hounds is werry capital, a huntsman and two whips in scarlet and caps, with a groom in livery. The "Old Squire," as they call him, is getting on for seventy, but is uncommonly fresh, and if he had a wig would not look older than me. He has had the hounds above forty years, and they say he is good for twenty more. He's a regular hard one, rides light, and is rather a heavy swearer. He has a werry fine voice for it.

The land about here is poor, poorer even than the flintiest parts of Surrey, and we might hunt over it all the year without hurting it. The hedges are small, and the awkwardest things are the brooks, the banks of which are often werry underminded. In parts it is a good deal cut up by rail-roads, and sometimes the waggons on them cut up a hound or two, if they are not sharp in getting out of their way, which is not always the case, for take a hound out of his own business, and he is a sad stupid dog. I think I have now told you all the news except that the hunt finishes here on the 12th, the hounds go further North, and the sportsmen to the places from whence they came.

Adieu, my dear James, and believe me "where'er I roam, whatever climes I see,"

Yours to the far end,

JOHN JORROCKS.

P. S. Please to call in Great Coram-street and tell Mrs. J. where I am, and if you see Nodding Homer, the *sorry* sportsman as they call him at Melton, or any other member of our hunt, acquaint them with my movements.

[London New Sporting Magazine for Jan.

* The southern district of the Sedgefield country.
† Fox-hill, a celebrated fox-cover.
‡ A fox-cover burnt down.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run on the EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 19th of April, 1836.——FIRST DAY.—For three-year-old Colts and Fillies, mile heats, $200 subscription, $50 forfeit, and $200 added by the Club; closed 1st of January; 12 subscribers.

1. J. Holmes Van Mater	"	*Chestnut Colt*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Oscar.
2. Samuel Laird	"	*Molly*, c. f. by Henry, out of Modesty.
3. B. B. Seaman	"	*Dusty-foot*, c. by Barefoot, dam by Sir Solomon.
4. Philip Wallis	"	*Molinera*, f. by Medley, out of Algerina.
5. H. Wilkes	"	*Chestnut Colt*, by Henry, out of Saluda.
6. J. Holmes Van Mater	"	*Black Colt*, by Valentine, out of Honesty.
7. J. C. Stevens	"	*Funti*, c. f. by Henry, out of Jeannettee.
8. Daniel Abbott	"	*Jane*, f. by Mark Richards, dam by Expedition.
9. David Toms	"	*Julia Montgomery*, by Eclipse, dam by Ratler.
10. H. A. Coenhoven	"	*Brown Colt*, by Henry, out of Meg Dodds.
11. H. A. Coenhoven	"	*Bay Colt*, by Mennon, out of Zarina.
12. Jacob Vandyke	"	*Grey Filley*, by Medley, out of Rosalinda.

SECOND DAY.—For three-year-old Colts and Fillies, *two miles out*, $50 subscription, p. p. 150 dollars, added by the Club. To name and close on the first of April. Four or more to make a race.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run at the Second Meeting on the Eagle Course, June 7th, 1836.

FIRST DAY.—Two-mile heats, $300 subscription, h. f., $300 added by the Club. Four or more to make a race. To name and close on the first of April.

LAST DAY.—A Post-stake, four-mile heats, $500 subscription, h. f., and $1000 added by the Club. Four or more to make a race. To close on the first of April.

There having been a very general expression by Turfmen of their preferences for the short distances, as adopted at New-York and at the South, the proprietor, in accordance with their wishes, will hereafter be governed by the same upon the Eagle Course. The weights, being the same as on Long Island, will remain so. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, January 26, 1836.

VETERINARY SURGERY.

THE SUBSCRIBER, JAMES DRYSDALE, corner of Liberty and Washington street, New-York, tenders his sincere thanks to the citizens of New-York and vicinity, for their liberal patronage since his arrival in this country, and assures them that nothing will be wanting on his part to deserve it more and more. The diffidence of our citizens in employing the regular practitioner is easily accounted for, when we consider the impositions daily practised upon them by empirics and mountebanks, who first gull them and then laugh at their credulity. But I hope the time will soon arrive when a line of demarkation will be drawn bewixt the ignorant pretender and the scientific Veterinary Surgeon; when the former will be treated with the contempt he deserves, and the latter receive the patronage and respect, according to his abilities and upright dealings with his patrons. JAMES DRYSDALE,
Veterinary Surgeon, Graduate of the Edinburgh Veterinary School.

N.B. Horses shod as above on the most approved scientific principles. feb 20

THE CELEBRATED HORSE HENRY,

COMPETITOR OF ECLIPSE, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of the subscriber, Union Race Course, Long Island. *Terms*, $75 the season.

jan 23 JOHN DREW.

AN Apprentice wanted. Apply at the corner of Broadway and Courtland-street. A well educated boy will here find an excellent situation.

FOR SALE.

THE FULL-BLOODED HORSE *NIAGARA*, bred at Dosoris, by Walter Livingston, Esq. *Niagara* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Young Romp*—Young Romp by Duroc, out of Old Romp, full-sister to Miller's Damsel, and got by imported Messenger out of Constable's imp. Pot-8-os mare. Niagara's dam, Young Romp, is also the dam of *Camilla* and *Eorodino*, both winners.

Niagara has started but four times, and won three out of those four races, viz:—In the Spring of 1833, a sweepstakes for three-year olds, mile heats, over the Union Course, $500 entrance, half forfeit, seven subscribers. In the Fall of 1833, over the Union Course, he won the sweepstakes for three-year olds, $400 entrance, four miles out, beating Colonel Johnson's *Cadet*. In the Spring of 1834, he won the three-mile purse at Poughkeepsie. In the same Spring, (1834,) he started, entirely out of condition, for the three-mile purse over the Union Course, and was drawn after the first heat. This is the only heat he ever lost. For these races, see Skinner's "American Turf Register."

In the Fall of 1834, he was badly lamed in the shoulder, and has never started since.

Niagara is a beautiful blood-bay, without spot or blemish of any kind, with black legs, mane and tail; he is about fifteen and a half hands high—an uncommonly deep-chested, muscular, powerful horse, and one of the handsomest stallions of the Northern country. It will be seen from his pedigree that he is a bred-in horse, and of the purest stock, having no blood in his veins that differs from that of his sire, American Eclipse. He would be a valuable acquisition to any part of the country, where well-bred horses, with the strength and power of the Eclipse stock, are wanted for the Turf, Saddle, or Harness.

He may be seen at my stables on Long Island. Should any other or more particular information be required, it may be had by applying to me, at No. 14 Barclay-street, New-York.

feb 13 JOHN C. STEVENS.

BAREFOOT,

THE ONLY HORSE IN AMERICA that has ever won the Great St. Leger. The imported horse BAREFOOT will stand for mares the ensuing season, at the stable of the subscriber, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, at the following terms:—

Full-blooded Mares . . . . . $50 the season; and $1 for the groom
All other Mares . . . . . $25 the season.

The Money to be paid when the mares are taken away, with the expense of keeping; or on or before the 15th July next. The season to commence on the 1st of March next, and terminate on the 15th July, 1836.

This fine horse was foaled the property of Mr. Watt, in England, in the year 1820, and afterwards was sold to Lord Darlington, who disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart; who sent him out for the benefit of his native country at large. On the English Turf, BAREFOOT proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to '26 inclusive.

Doncaster Meeting, September, 1823.—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 25 guineas each, for three-year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114 lb.) Fillies, 8st. (112 lb.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr. Riddell's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed.—Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus out of Rosannet; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine by Rubens, Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Hunter's br. c. by Orville out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Furguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, the Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante, Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte D'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3 minutes, and 22 seconds. *The Start.*—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came along side of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3 minutes 23 1-4 seconds. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3 min. 23 secs., yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of 1-4 of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start; Barefoot although shut out, that is hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance! he proved himself by repetition, decidedly the best Horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3min. 23 secs, and repeating in 3m, 23 1-4 secs.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and *Barefoot*, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

HIS PEDIGREE is as follows, and equal to that of any other horse:—he was got by *Tramp*, out of *Rosamond*, by *Buzzard*; her dam, *Rosebury*, sister to *Huby*, by *Phenomenon*; her dam, *Miss West*; by *Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto. Tramp* was got by *Dick Andrews*, out of a *Gohanna Mare*; her dam, *Flaxinella*, by *Trentham—Woodpecker*; *Everlasting*, by *Eclipse*. *Dick Andrews* was got by *Joe Andrews*, out of a *Highflyer Mare*; her dam, by *Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian*. *Joe Andrews* was got by *Eclipse*, out of *Amaranda*, by *Omnium*; her dam, *Cloudy*, by *Blank—Crab—Partner*, &c.

PERFORMANCES.—At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September 1822, (then only two years old,) he won a sweepstake of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Bourdeaux and 4 others very easy. BAREFOOT, at the Spring Meeting at York, May 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3min. 15sec. or 1min. 51sec. per mile.

1823—At the August Meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) 1 mile and a quarter. Time 2 min. 22 sec. or 1min. 52sec. per mile, beating Richardson's B. C. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Ponterfact, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subscribers, 1 mile 3 quarters, 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) beating Palatine. Won very easy. At Doncaster, September Meeting, he won the great St. Leger Stakes, for three year old colts, 83 subscribers, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) distance. Time 3min. 23 1-4sec. beating Sherwood—Comte D'Artois—Comus—Etiquette—Claude Lorraine—Tancred—Ringlet—North Star—Mercandotti—Ganymede—Caledodian—and 11 others. Compte D'Artois took the lead at starting, and made severe running, till near the distance post, when Barefoot came up, passed him, and won by two lengths. After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland,) for 3000gs. was carried by him to New-Market, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated Horse Emelius, (the recent winner of all the great stakes and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Harpedon, and others,) for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, 50l., distance 1 mile 1 quarter and 24 yards, 8st. 10lb (122lb.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partizan Colt. Won easy,—Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the Turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100sovs. against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well-contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lb. (147lb.)—Time, 8min. 18sec., and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third, and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subscribers, St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lb. (119lb.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lb. (115lb.) The time of running 3m. 30sec. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 8lb., (120lb.) time not given; beating Lottery, (above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight,) Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lb. (109lb.): an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lb.: an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lb. (124 lb.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 4 years old, 8st. 2lb. (114lb.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northalerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs. with a sweepstake added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lb. (121 lb.) against The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lb. (94lb.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th, Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lb.) beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lb. (116lb.) and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lb. (110lb.): a good race, 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs., added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lb. (124lb.) 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lb. and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs, 109lb. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

BAREFOOT is a remarkably beautiful horse, a bright chesnut, 15 1-2 hands high, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well-proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper. The breeders of horses are respectfully invited to call and examine this horse. JOHN R. SNEDEKER,
feb 20 Union Hotel, Long Island.

IMPORTED HORSE VICTORY.

THIS valuable high-bred Race-horse is offered for sale on reasonable terms. He is a dark bay, without any white marks; was bred by the Duke of Rutland, and foaled in 1825.—He was got by Waterloo, a stallion in the Royal Stud at Hampton Court, a capital performer, and son of the celebrated horse Walton, out of Penelope, the dam of Whalebone, Whisker, Woful, &c. *Victory's* dam, Adeline, was got by Soothsayer, son of Sorcerer, out of Golden Locks, by Delpini. His grandam Elizabeth, by Orville; great-grandam Penny Trumpet, by Trumpeter; great-great-grandam Young Camilla, by Woodpecker; great-great-great-grandam Camilla, by Trentham. Victory is a very strong-made horse, of great substance, standing upon short legs, with more bone than is generally to be met with in the race horse, and admirably adapted to cross with high-made mares, at present too prevalent in the Southern States. He is 15 hands 3 inches high, with good points and fine action; has proved himself a sure foal-getter, and his colts, (some of which may be seen at the residence of James Bathgate, Esq., West Farms, Westchester county, 12 miles easterly from the city of New-York, near the Boston post-road, where the horse at present is,) in point of size and appearance, are surpassed by none. He has been a good racer: he appeared on the turf 27 times, in competition with some of the best horses in Europe, *winning eleven times*, two of which were King's Plates, with very high weights; *walked over twice*, and *received forfeit once*; in seven of the races in which he was beat, he ran second. More particular information may be had by application to C. R. COLDEN, Editor of the Sporting Magazine, No. 106 Spring-street, or of the subscriber, No. 17 Sixth-avenue, New-York.

☞ If VICTORY is not sold previous to the commencement of the season, he will stand for mares in the neighborhood where he is at present.

feb 20-tf WILLIAM JACKSON.

THOROUGH-BRED HORSES FOR SALE.

THE following thorough-bred horses, belonging to the estate of the late BELA BADGER, of of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, are offered for sale, viz:—

JOHN RICHARDS, VALENTINE (imported.)
FLYING DUTCHMAN, CHIPNEY,
PRIAM.

The four first-named horses are at General John Faulkner, Gerrard county, Kentucky.—*Priam* is in Preble county, Ohio.

The terms of payment (good security being given) will be made easy to purchasers.

Proposals, if directed to Samuel Badger, Executor to the estate, Philadelphia, or to Joseph H. Hellings, care of General Faulkner, Lancaster, Gerrard county, Kentucky, will meet with prompt attention. feb 13-6w

TO PAINTERS AND GUILDERS.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF, warranted superior quality, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watt-street, New-York.

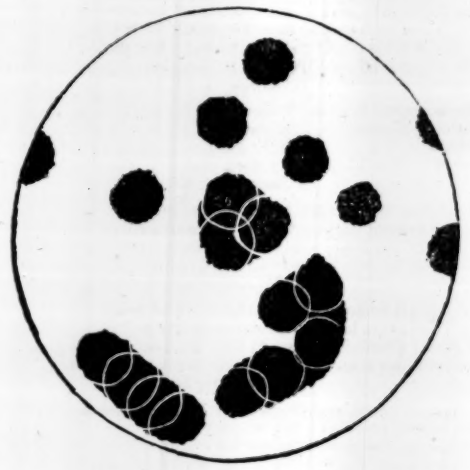
N. B. Gold, silver, and copper bronzes, of different colors and qualities, at lowest price, for cash. Orders will be shipped punctually and free of charges. Address GEORGE S. WAITE, at the manufactory, No. 459 Greenwich-street, or No. 67 Watt-street, New-York.

MR. W. LOCKWOOD,

MINIATURE PAINTER, No. 2, COURTLANDT-STREET New-York. feb 27

RECENT RIFLE PRACTICE OF A FEW "CRACK SHOTS OF GOTHAM."

I. Ten successive Shots, At Rest.....Fifty-five Yards,
By Col H. A. Simons, Feb. 10, 1836.



II. Twenty successive Shots, At Rest,.....One Hundred Yards,
By A. A. Harrington, Feb. 5, 1836.

III. Ten successive Shots, Off-hand, One Hundred and Thirty-five Yards,
By Col. H. A. Simons, Dec. 24, 1835.

TARGET SHOOTING.

We have great pleasure in laying before our friends of the rifle, throughout the country, a few targets recently made by three gentlemen of this city, members of the New York Rifle Club. It is due to the skill of Mr. Harrington to remark that seven out of the ten targets here exhibited were made with rifles of his manufacture, and that his proficiency in their use is only equalled by the high state of perfection to which he has brought them. The targets are fac-similes with the exception of the three first, which are not so large as the originals by half an inch each; the marks of the balls are not quite so large although the strike of each as it appears in the original, has been strictly preserved.

Would it not lead to increased proficiency in the use of the rifle, if clubs and amateurs generally should occasionally furnish well-authenticated targets for public examination—thereby exciting a feeling of honorable emulation? Our columns are open to any fair discussion of the subject.

American Racing Calendar.

SOUTH CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

Result of the races over the Washington Course, near Charleston, S.C., Feb. 1836

Wednesday, *First Day*, Feb. 17th.—Jockey Club Purse, $1,000. Four-mile heats.

Col. John Crowell's br. m. *Lady Nashville*, 5 years old, by Stockholder, dam by imported Strap, 109 lbs.	3	1	1
Col. E. Richardson's ch. f. *Lady Morgan*, 4 yrs., by John Richards, dam by imported Expedition, 99 lbs.	1	2	2
Mr. John G. Winter's ch. c. *Hickory John*, 4 yrs., by John Richards, dam by Hickory, 102 lbs.	2	dr.	
Dr. J. G. Guignard's gr. c. *Bowdark*,* 4 yrs, by Medley, dam Merino Ewe, 102 lbs.	dis.		

Time—1st heat, 7:51; 2d, 7:58; 3d, 8:10.

* Bowdark carried 7 lbs. over weight, which may account for his being distanced. Lady Morgan and Hickory John made all the running the first heat. The second and third heats were closely and beautifully contested by Lady Nashville and Lady Morgan.

Thursday, *Second Day*, Feb. 18th.—Jockey Club Purse, $600. Three-mile heats.

Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. c. *Sir Kenneth*, 4 yrs., by Crusader, dam Carolina, by Buzzard, 102 lbs.	1	1
Col. E. Richardson's br. c. *Sam Chifney*, 4 yrs., by imported Mufti dam Vampire, 102 lbs.	2dis.	
Col. Miller's ch. f. *Mattiwan*, 3 yrs., by Crusader, grandam by Rosicrusian, 87 lbs.	3dis.	

Time—1st heat, 6m.; 2d, 6:8.

Friday, *Third Day*, Feb. 19th.—Jockey Club Purse, $400. Two-mile heats.

Col. Richard Singleton's br. f. *Pomona*,* 3 yrs., by Chateau Margaux, dam Marianne, by Cervantes, 87 lbs.	4	1	1
Col. E. Richardson's b. c. *Vertumnus*, 4 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by Defiance, 102 lbs.	1	2	2
Mr. John G. Winter's ch. f. *Sally Jenkins*, 4 yrs., by Bernadotte, dam by Gallatin, 99 lbs.	2 dis.		
Dr. J. G. Guignard's b. f. *Hebe*, 3 yrs., by Gohanna, dam by Sir Charles, 87 lbs.	3 dis.		

Time—1st heat, 4m.; 2d, 3:50; 3d, 3:51.

* *Pomona*, imported filly, out of Marianne, dam of the celebrated English race-horse Medoro. The second and third heats, it will be remarked, were done in the very good time of 3:50 and 3:51; the filly winning easily, and hard in hand.

Same Day.—Sweepstakes. Two-mile heats: $100 given by Club; entrance money added.

Capt. Donald Rowe's ch. f. *Eliza Hicks*, 4 yrs., by Timoleon, dam by Potomac, 99 lbs.	1	1	
Col. John Singleton's b. h. *Fitz James*, 5 yrs., by Crusader, dam Augusta, by Sir Archy, 112 lbs.	2dis.		

Time—1st heat, 4:2; 2d, 3:57.

Saturday, *Fourth Day*, Feb. 20th.—Handicap Race. Three-mile heats—$582:93.

Col. E. Richardson's b. c. *Vertumnus*, 4 yrs., by Eclipse, dam by Defiance, handicapped to carry 92 lbs.	1	1	
Col. John Crowell's br. m. *Lady Nashville*, 5 yrs., by Stockholder, dam by imported Strap, handicapped to carry 109 lbs.	2	2	
Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. c. *Sir Kenneth*, 4 yrs., by Crusader, dam Carolina, by Buzzard, handicapped to carry 102 lbs.	3	3	

Time—1st heat, 6:7; 2d, 5:47.

Vertumnus and Lady Nashville ran locked the whole of the second heat, Vertumnus winning *by a head* only.

Same Day.—Sweepstakes. Best 3 in 5: $100 given by Club; entrance money added.

Capt. Donald Rowe's ch. f. *Eliza Hicks*, 4 yrs., by Timoleon, dam by Potomac, 99 lbs.	1	1	1
Dr. J. G. Guignard's gr. c. *Bowdark*, 4 yrs., by Medley, dam Merino Ewe, 102 lbs.	2	2	2

Time—1st heat, 1:55; 2d, 1:57; 3d, 1:56.

Tuesday, *Fifth Day*, Feb. 23d.—Citizens' Purse, $1000. Three-mile heats.

Col. E. Richardson's ch. f. *Lady Morgan*, 4 yrs., by John Richards, dam by imported Expedition, 99 lbs.	3	1	1
Mr. J. G. Winter's ch. c. *Hickory John*, 4 yrs., by John Richards, dam by Hickory, 102 lbs.	1	2	2
Dr. J. G. Guignard's ch. g. *Clodhopper* (pedigree unknown)	2 dis.		
Mr. Ferguson's b. h. *Saladin*, 5 yrs., by Crusader, dam Onea, by Pocotaligo, 112 lbs.	bolted.		

Time—1st heat, 5.52; 2d, 5:52; 3d, 6:6.

* It is but justice to Hickory John to remark, that he was in such bad condition, his groom was alone induced to start him from an unwillingness to disappoint the public: nevertheless, by the time he made in the two first heats, although beaten, he nobly sustained his reputation.

The attention of owners of horses at a distance is invited to *the amount of the Purses* given by the South Carolina Jockey Club at its late meeting, and which may be annually calculated upon hereafter. The following recapitulation will show that the Charleston Purses exceed in value those of any other association in the United States:—

1st Day.—Jockey Club Purse.		Four-mile heats	$1000.	
2d "	"	Three-mile heats ...	600.	
3d "	"	Two-mile heats	400.	
4th "	"	Three-mile heats	582	93.
5th "	Citizens' Purse,	Three-mile heats	1000.	
	Sweepstakes,	Two-mile heats	240.	
			$3822	93.

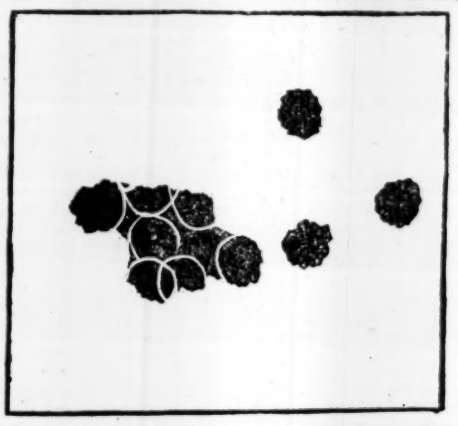
The following stakes are now open for the next Annual Meeting, 1837.

1. A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, 3 years old, Two-mile heats, $500 entrance, h. f., weight for age, to name on or before the first day of June next, three or more to make a race, to be run on the Monday preceding the regular races.

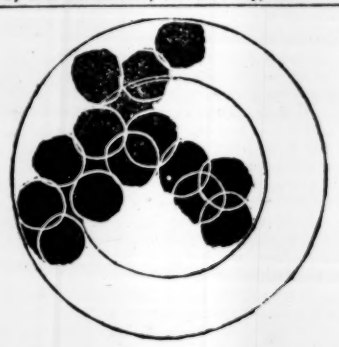
2. A Poststake, Four-mile heats, $1000 entrance, to be run on the Tuesday preceding the regular races. Subscription to the stake to be made with the stewards on the evening previous to the race: but the horses not to be *named* until the hour of starting.

The above is an extract from the minutes of the South Carolina Jockey Club.

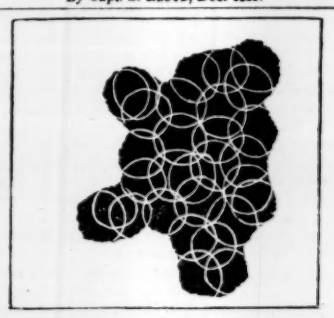
JOHN B. IRVING, *Secretary.*



IV. Ten successive Shots, Off-hand,.....Forty Yards,
By A. A. Harrington, Christmas Day, 1835.



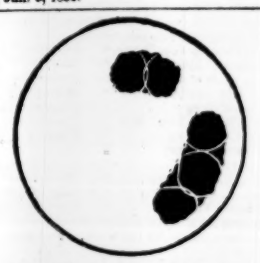
V. Fourteen successive Shots, At Rest,.....Fifty-six Yards,
By Capt. S. Lloyd, Dec. 1835.



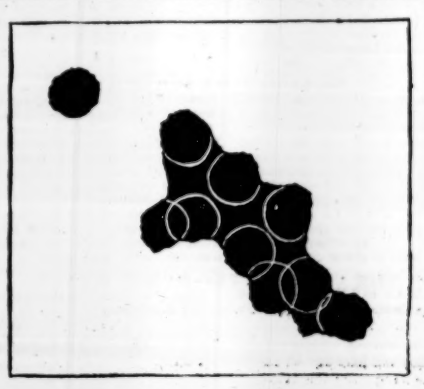
VI. Thirty-two successive Shots, At Rest,.....Forty Yards,
By A. A. Harrington, Feb. 25, 1836.

VII. Ten successive Shots, At Rest,.....Forty Yards,
By Col. H. A. Simons, Jan. 5, 1836.

VIII. Eight successive Shots, Off-hand,.....Thirty Yards,
By A. A. Harrington, Oct. 6, 1835.



IX. Five successive Shots, Off-hand,.....Fifty-five Yards,
By Capt. S. Lloyd, Dec. 9, 1835.



IX. Ten successive Shots, Off-hand,.....Forty Yards,
By A. A. Harrington, Christmas Day, 1835.

Is the Street Commissioner of the Third Ward aware that a large portion of those who elected him last year are in danger of breaking their necks from being obliged to go through Courtland-street? If the business people in the Ward cut their sticks for up-town or another world, we need not hint to him what is his chance of a re-election. One might about as well attempt to drive tandem on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, as over the ravines and bluffs of Courtland-street. Let the Inspector look to it.

AMERICAN RACES TO COME—1836.

Augusta, Ga.	Lafayette Course. 2d Tuesday in April. the 12th.	
Belp eld, Va.	Spring Meeting. 2d Tuesday in April, the 12th.	
Macon, Ga.	Jockey Club, Monday, 21st March.	
Natchez, Miss.	March 16th, Match, mile heats, $1000 a-side, Pharsalia Course	
" "	April 30th. Match four-mile heats. $5000 a-side. " "	
" "	Dec. 1st Match, 4-mile heats. $5000 a-side. " "	
Newmarket, Va.	First Spring Meeting, First Tuesday, May 3.	
New-York City.	Jockey Club, Union Course; 1st Spring Meeting, Tues. May, 12th	
" "	Monday April 25th. Sweepstakes, m. heats, entrance $5,000, h. f.	
" "	Tuesday, May 3d. Match, 4 m. heats, entrance $5 000 a side, h. f.	
" "	Same Day, Sweepstakes, m. heats, entrance $1000, f. $250.	
" "	Wednesday, May 4th. Sweepstakes, m. heats, ent. $300, h. f.	
" "	Thursday, May 5th. Sweepstakes, m. heats, ent. $300, f. 100.	
	Second Spg. Meeting. Gnd. Match. *North* vs. *South*, for $5,000, h. f.	
Plaquemine, La.	First Meeting. 3d Wednesday in March.	
St. Francisville, La.	First Spring Meeting Wednesday, March 23d.	
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course. First Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 19th April.	
" "	Second Meeting, 1st Tuesday, June 7th.	

A CARD.

Mrs. PRITCHARD'S Benefit and last appearance. Mrs. P. respectfully announces her Benefit at the Franklin Theatre, for THURSDAY next, 17th inst., when will be brought forward a *variety of powerful* and *attractive novelties*, particulars of which will be expressed in bills of the day. mr 12

J. R. SCOTT.

Announces to his friends and the public, that his Benefit and last appearance will take place at the FRANKLIN THEATRE, on Monday Evening next, 14th inst., when will be presented [first time in this Theatre] the admired play of

PIZARRO.

ROLLA, ... J. R. Scott.
ELVIRA, ... Mrs. Pritchard.

[Who has kindly volunteered her services.]

Other entertainments in future advertisements. mr 12

TO RIFLE DEALERS AND SPORTSMEN.

A. A. HARRINGTON, No. 95 Barclay-street, New-York, Manufacturer of Rifles of a superior quality, all of which he warrants good.

A. A. H. has for the last ten years devoted his whole attention to Rifle Making. The Experiments he has made, and the manner in which he now grooves his Guns, enables him to compete with, if not surpass, any other establishment of the kind. Southern and Western Dealers supplied at short notice, with an article they can warrant with confidence.

A. A. H. has at times a good assortment of Fowling Guns, and apparatus suitable for Sporting. Particular attention paid to Repairing and Cleaning old guns, &c. &c. mar 12

TO THE SOUTH AND WEST.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS FOR SALE the Horse Constellation, bred by Charles H. Hall, Esq., of Harlaem, the breeder of Eclipse Light Foot, Shark, Bay Maria, and a host of other fine horses.

Constellation was sired by American Eclipse, his dam Olivia, bred by Mr. Dandridge of Virginia, her sire Admiral Nelson (imported), out of Spot, by Bedford, g. dam by Cade, great g. dam by Alfred, great great great g. dam by Crab.

Admiral Nelson was by John Bull, dam Olivia, by Justice. Justice was by King Herod—he by Snap. John Bull was by Fortitude, out of Xantippe: Xantippe by Eclipse—English Eclipse. Fortitude was got by King Herod out of a Snap Mare, sister to Omnius the dam of Cade.

The Pedigree of Olivia [the dam of Constellation] shows her blood equal to any in England or the U. States. If proof is required respecting this, I can produce letters signed by Theo. Field of Waqua. and Wade Mosby Jr. of Curles, Va. Of the sire, Eclipse, nothing need be said. Constellation inherits the color of his sire, a beautiful sorrel—without any white—he stands full 16 1-4 hands—and is in every particular a desirable horse for the South or West.

In the North our stock runs so much on Eclipse blood, that a change by way of cross is desirable. To close, "Constellation" will be sold a bargain, but if no application be made before the 1st of May, I will sell him under the hammer on the first Monday of that month, at Tattersall's, Broadway. Letters post-paid, will find me directed CHARLES GREEN.

mar 12 New-York.

AMERICAN MUSEUM.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF HANNINGTON'S MOVING DIORAMAS will continue every evening, commencing at half past 7 o'clock—in the following order:—

Grand Dioramic Scene 1—Being an Allegorical Representation of the Treaty of Ghent, 1815 and Triumph of America!

The exhibition opens with a view of a highly scenic country, picturesque in the extreme. Immediately in front of the audience, in the foreground, is an Obelisk, erected to the glory of American heroes of the last war. The most elevated figure on this column is fame, represented with a trumpet, proclaiming the memorable deeds, where, and by whom achieved, which History is in the act, at the same time, of recording.

The moving figures of the Diorama commence in front, by the passing of a number of boats, in which much skill and time is observed by the oarsmen, after which, is to be seen America, drawn in a splendid car, by four white horses, bearing the flag of the United States, followed by Victory, ready to crown her with laurels, proceeding to the Temple of Peace, through a triumphal arch, with a numerous retinue. A young female precedes the car of America, strewing the path with flowers, while another, with a child in her arms, has kindled the incense, and a third is singing triumphant hymns.

In the train, following America, in a grand procession, are seen bands of Musicians, Victors, Prisoners of War, and numerous troops of Cavalry and Infantry, many of them carrying trophies. The whole spectacle is represented in the style and costume of the ancient Romans, and the admiring spectator will observe with delight the motion of men and horses, as natural as life, keeping time with the powerful martial music.

Grand Dioramic Scene 2.—Moonlight—Sea View—Storm and Shipwreck.

Grand Dioramic Scene 3.—Conflagration of Moscow.—This Diorama is divided into a Day and Night Scene.

Also, still exhibiting the celebrated Statuary of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, and the Landlord and Landlady.

The Grand Cosmorama is the most splendid exhibition of the kind known.

Professor at the Piano, Mr. S. Bassford.

☞ Admittance to the whole, 25 cents—Children under 12 years, when accompanied by their parents or guardians, 12 1-2 cents. feb. 27.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'cloch, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surprising feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs.—6. Pat with his Shilalah, just arrived. 7. Ben, the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son, who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and a strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb 27.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The New Series of the Spirit of the Times, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th Feb'ry, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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For Ditto, (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto.*	0 37½

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